HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXXIII.—No. 1708.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1889.

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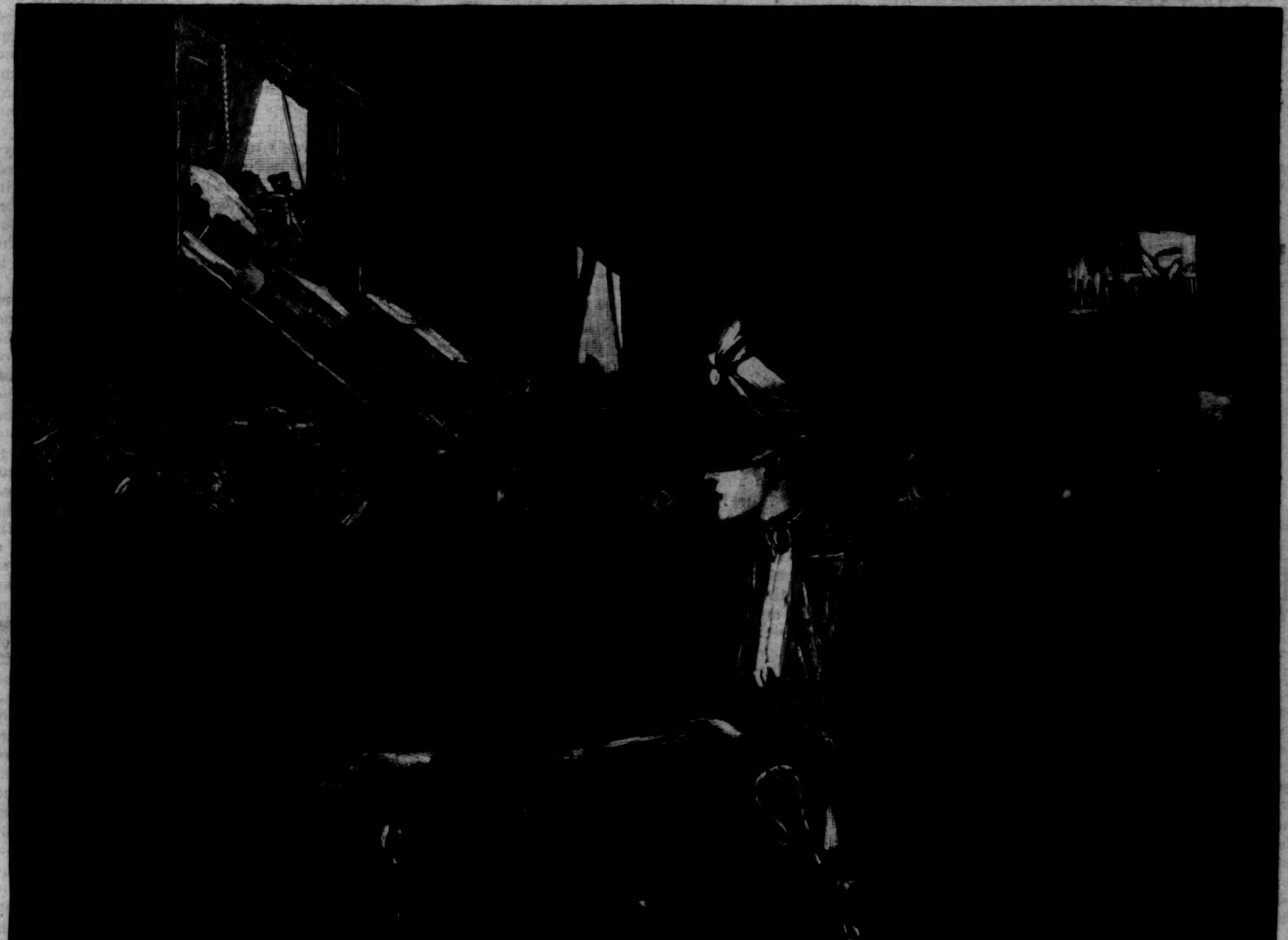

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No. 1708.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

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PESSIMISM.

THERE is an amusing disposition in some quarters to stigmatize criticism of abuses as pessimism. Reformers who point out defects which experience has revealed in any system or institution, and who propose a remedy, are summarily sentenced to obloquy as pessimists. But this is a droll misapprehension. A pessimist is properly one who takes gloomy and desponding views of men and things. A reformer, on the contrary, takes the highest and most hopeful view. He assumes that society has the desire and the power to correct abuses, and he appeals to that disposition, and points out the opportunity. If, however, he assumed that society is such a sorry multitude that it prefers abuses and delights in evil, and therefore that it is time lost to attempt to arouse it, or interest it in changing a bad practice or abolishing a gross wrong, he might be well accounted a pessimist who holds that mankind is either a fool or a knave, but in either case not worth caring for.

ANDREW JACKSON would not be called a pessimist, probably, but he was engaged for many years in denouncing and trying to overthrow one of the great settled and solid institutions of the country, the United States Bank, which he regarded as a public evil. **ABRAHAM LINCOLN** was hardly to be described as a pessimist, but he declared, in the very heyday of the ascendency of slavery in the politics, the trade, and the government of the country, that the Union could not endure half slave and half free. Nor could **THOMAS ALLEN JENCKES**, of Rhode Island, be justly accused of pessimism when he began the appeal to the public mind in favor of reform in the civil service. All these men were optimists rather than pessimists. They all had profound confidence in the intelligence and good sense of the country, and all cherished the most cheerful faith in the disposition of the people to reform all abuses and evils in our political system, that the government might be honest and economical as they desired it to be. The most dangerous pessimist in America is the man who has such contempt for the people that he thinks legislation must be bought and citizens paid for voting. The more dishonest the government, the more unequal the laws, and the more corrupt our public men, the more natural he holds the situation to be. He has so mean an opinion of the people that he believes them to be incapable of patriotism or of honest public conduct. He holds to Sir **ROBERT WALPOLE**'s remark in its largest construction, "Every man has his price," and thinks that no man is so great a fool as the man who does not think so.

This is not only pessimism, but it is practically treason, because it leads to the subversion of the government by corruption. A man who holds so contemptuous an opinion of others will not try by argument to change their opinions; he will at once bribe them to do what he wishes. He will plead, indeed, that he wishes well for the country, but his action tends to destroy the possibility of honest government. In fact the sluggish good-nature which smiles that nothing is worth while, and that "you had better not try to swim against the current," is the easy-going pessimism which makes the current. When Mr. **SEWARD**, who was the very optimist of our politics, said simply that between freedom and slavery there was an irrepressible conflict, his remark was denounced as "a brutal and bloody manifesto." It was alleged that we had always had slavery, and it was both mad and criminal to hope to change the situation. But the optimist statesman declined to entertain any such pessimistic view of his country. There was never a more cheery man in American politics, and never a truer American. He would have been "a dreffle poor patriot" if he had yielded to the pessimism that advised him to despair of a free America. Reformers like him are now called pessimists, but reformers are the most cheerful men in our present politics. They do not believe, indeed, that **WASHINGTON** would have bought the Presidency, nor that patriotism consists in asserting that there is no public abuse which should be remedied. They do believe, on the contrary, that a people who have corrected so many abuses are especially the people who will correct every abuse they see. To call such a view pessimism is a stroke of most excellent humor.

THE DRIFT OF PARTIES.

THE late Democratic nomination in Ohio is a striking illustration of the political situation in the country. Despite the platform, the nomination of a candidate who is not in hearty accord with its chief declaration reveals a division of sentiment upon the question which the party last year announced to be the paramount national issue. This is as significant as if a Republican State Convention of thirty years ago should have nominated a Silver-gray Whig upon a platform of non-extension of slavery. The spirit of the Ohio tariff reformers cheering for **CLEVELAND** was as hostile to Democratic as to Republican protectionists. The same difference of opinion existed undoubtedly in President **CLEVELAND**'s cabinet. Mr. **DICKINSON**, the late Postmaster-General, is reported to have said that Mr. **WHITNEY** and other party leaders besought Mr. **CLEVELAND** not to send his revision message to Congress and endanger his re-election, which was then assured. But the President thought that the time had come to state what he held to be the real and important question, and to give his party a wise and patriotic platform. It was the act of a courageous and honorable man. His party generally supported him. But the feeling of the most sagacious leaders was that of Mr. **WHITNEY** and his friends, that the party was not really ready for the issue, and that its presentation was therefore untimely.

There is a great deal of talk about parties, but there is not a single public question which is felt to be so vital that it has created a party. Both parties are endeavoring to adjust themselves to the tariff issue, which is obviously important, and upon which the Republican party is now generally agreed. There are moderate Republican protectionists, but they do not control nor try to control the party action. The strong Republican drift is toward extreme protection, as it is toward a service pension and the complete spoils system. The despotism of the machine is absolute, and the conspicuous representative Republicans are **QUAY**, **CLARKSON**, **DUDLEY**, **MAHONE**, **TANNER**, **INGALLS**, **PLATT**, and others of the same kind. There is outward Republican unity, and all is quiet at Warsaw. So the ascendency of Governor **HILL** in the Democratic party of New York is undeniable. But there is a Democratic protest against him and his ways earnest enough to withhold from him Democratic votes. Nevertheless it is the Governor and not his Democratic opponents who control the party and its policy. Its opposition to effective regulation of the liquor traffic and to ballot reform enables the Republican leaders to play fast and loose with the reform sentiment of the State.

Differences and divisions in parties there will always be. But divisions upon great questions of policy show a party to be doubtful of itself. When it pronounces formally, as the Democratic party did last year, for a national policy at once reasonable and patriotic, its candidate will be supported by many voters who do not accept his party name, and who for State and local offices will support candidates of the other party. This is the explanation of the large body of voters in the country who are included in neither party classification. They are generally friends of high license and of ballot reform, and are therefore not Democrats. They are tariff reformers and honest civil service reformers, and are therefore not Republicans. The more vehement partisans on both sides find great comfort in sneering at them as impracticable. But they are the most practical voters in the country, for they support principles, and not parties as such, naturally measuring the value of parties as public agencies by the character of the agents whom they select. If a man is a protectionist, why should he support, for that reason, a party which honors **MAHONE** and **TANNER**, and deliberately violates its own pledges of reform? If he is a tariff reformer, why, for that reason, should he support a party which obstructs license and ballot reform? In such a situation the vote of a sensible man will be determined by something else than a party name.

LATER NEW ENGLAND.

DURING the later part of the century the character of the population of New England has been rapidly changing. Even in the remoter districts of Vermont and in western Massachusetts, where the original and traditional New England still lingers, the change is perceptible. The history of New England and its long primacy in American development, of which Mr. **BRECKINRIDGE** spoke in his address at Plymouth, is due in chief part to the fact of its English homogeneity. Men of the English race brought its best qualities into a new country where they were obliged to contend only with hard conditions of nature, but not with a government or a powerful political and ecclesiastical opposition, and under the new circumstances those qualities had full play. The movement for national independence was largely inspired and directed in New England, and the soldiers for securing it were largely recruited there. Until 1801, says Mr. **BRECKINRIDGE**, New England influence controlled the national life. In the later controversy ending in the war, and in the general scheme of reconstruction of the Union, her ascendency is plainly marked. But a change had already begun in the character of the population, and the homogeneity of New England is already disappearing.

Mr. **BARRETT**, whose name, recalling Concord Bridge and the minute-men, attests his New England origin, in a late number of the *Forum* illustrates the transformation which is proceeding in the cradle of the modern and distinctive America. The region was of one race, one language, one spirit, and one religious faith. But now one-quarter of its population is of other races, of another religious faith, and of other national sympathies. As the old New England has been drained away to enrich and invigorate other parts of the country, it has been succeeded by aliens to its character and traditions. But the most significant aspect of the change is that of its religious faith. The original New England was a Puritan state. It was very much more truly and universally such a state than England during the Commonwealth. Only church members were voters, and they were members of one church. The affinity of Protestantism with Republicanism, the spirit of private judgment in religion extending itself to political government, was never more plainly illustrated than in old New England. The practicability of an American republic had been demonstrated there before the morning gun of the Revolution was heard. The religious and moral forces from which it sprang are familiar.

It is therefore a striking fact that as New England in its settlement and development was the advanced guard of Protestantism in politics, one-quarter of its population is now of the faith against which New England was a protest. This arises largely from the entrance of French Canadians. They have come down the valley of the Connecticut, and by the routes which "the French and Indians" followed in the dark days of colonial warfare. They are a peaceful and industrious but ignorant and stolid people, and are prevented by a difference of language, which they do not readily overcome, from ready assimilation with the native population of Yankee descent. This fact is in itself suggestive. But if the Church to which these people are obediently subject be regarded as a political power, it is obvious that the anarchism and social degradation and gross ignorance of the vast foreign immigration which pours into the United States are not the only characteristics and forecasts which are to be considered. To check or stay immigration is impossible. It must be dealt with by forces of assimilation. It must not be allowed to weaken and sweep away the character and impulse which it finds, but they must subject this alien immigration to American ascendency. This will not be accomplished, however, by regarding immigrants merely as hands to be worked and voters to be bought.

ANNUAL OR BIENNIAL SESSIONS.

MR. **DAVID DUDLEY FIELD**, at the late meeting of the American Bar Association at Chicago, discussed among other topics the tendency to a change from an annual to a biennial session of the State legislatures. He thought it a bad sign for republican government. General disrespect for legislatures, he said, was an evil omen. "Shall it ever be said that the disuse of representative institutions, which neither the craft of princes nor the strength of armies was able to accomplish in the Old World, the abuse of such institutions has accomplished in the New?" The question is one of the utmost gravity.

If the tendency be due to growing distrust of representative legislatures, and not merely to considerations of convenience, it is undoubtedly an evil omen. There is, of course, no charm in the word annual. It may be obviously more convenient that a legislature should meet once in twenty-four months than once in twelve months. But if the question arises from distrust of the legislature itself, then a session once in ten years or never might be prefer-able. In fact, however, there is no doubt of a certain degree of distrust when a legislature or even Congress meets. Business circles are often afraid of some Quixotic tampering with the finances. Property owners in great cities apprehend "strikes" at their interests, from which they must buy themselves off. The friends of good laws must be on constant guard against their modification or repeal.

These apprehensions are based upon the belief that a large number of representatives are "on the make," and that legislation, whether enactment or repeal, is likely to be corrupt. In the degree that such a belief extends, the desire of biennial or quadrennial sessions will increase. But apart from this there is a feeling that the eternal vigilance which liberty requires does not also require the amount of legislation which is annually bestowed upon us, and that its intrinsic value would not be lessened by biennial sessions. The main point for consideration, however, should be, not the frequency of the sessions, but the honesty of the representatives. As that increases, the desire for postponing the session or restricting the term will diminish.

THE PURGING OF TAMMANY.

THE Judges of the Court of Common Pleas were not in haste to inquire into the monstrous crime to which one of them was, as he is understood to say, an unconscious party. It is an uncomfortable reflection that a performance involving the security of the marriage relation, and divorcing a woman without her will or knowledge, can be concluded under the eye of an unconscious judge, and that important transactions are going on elsewhere before judges who are not aware of what they are doing.

Meanwhile Tammany Hall is evidently of Sir John's mind, and will purge and leave sack and live cleanly. It is casting off conspicuous sinners caught in the act. Whether its wrath would be as decisive with those who make merchandise of public trusts without private obliquities does not yet appear. It is, however, putting none but Tammany men on guard, and plainly means to resume to the utmost its complete control of the city. The movement of Democratic purification begun by the County Democracy in its secession from Tammany must now be considered to be completed, and the pipe of party peace for all warring tribes will be lighted in the wigwam.

The political reform which will result from a restored Tammany we are yet to see. We do not recall a single progressive movement in politics which it has not strenuously opposed. That the city or the country has ever had any reason to be thankful for the existence of such a huge party machine we are not aware, and it is an eye of singularly clear vision which sees in the request for the resignation of FLACK the prospect of gains for honest government from the complete municipal domination of Tammany Hall.

PUBLICATION OF THE ELIGIBLE LIST.

THE views of Mr. OBERLY, late of the United States Civil Service Commission, upon the practical result of the late order for the publication of the lists of eligible candidates for appointment, deserve attention as those of an expert. His opinion that the publication will in effect annul the law is based upon the consideration that the exact situation will be known, and that the exercise of political pressure will be greatly facilitated.

It is undoubtedly true that pressure can be more effectively applied when the whole situation is known. But pressure cannot place a favorite upon the eligible list, and so far, therefore, it is balked. Moreover, the fact that an applicant's name is upon the list is known to him now, and of course to his backer, and the pressure can be applied accordingly. On the other hand, all avoidable secrecy in such a situation is injurious, because it produces suspicion, and any evil resulting from the publication of the list seems to be fully set off by the conviction of every applicant that everything has been managed fairly.

But if it be true that the publication would practically annul the law, it is because the appointing officer would disregard his oath of office, and yield to political pressure what he is sworn to bestow only in a specified manner. That is to say, the officer would violate the law; and as it is a law which is cordially detested by many of those whose duty it is to administer it, there is undoubtedly always danger of such violation. But this is an abuse which cannot be avoided by the secrecy of the eligible list. There is but one way to avoid it entirely, and it is the one way also in which alone the President can keep his oath to execute the law. That way is to intrust the enforcement of it to its friends, not to its enemies. When men like Mr. PEARSON, Mr. GRAVES, and Mr. BURT are appointed to administer the law, the publication of the eligible list would not facilitate its violation.

THE GRAND ARMY IN POLITICS.

IN his address before the late National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, the retiring Commander, General WARNER, said of the organization:

> "Strong as it is, it has never been, and I trust never will be, used for partisan purposes, or to gratify the personal ambitions of any man or set of men."

This disclaimer of all purpose of a political use of the Army was reassuring. But at the end of the address, after warmly approving the proposition of a service pension, the Commander said, "Let the Committee on Pensions take your recommendation to Congress, backed by a united Grand Army of the Republic, and there will be no failure."

And again he said that "we"—the Grand Army—"will present our claims to Congress, and in doing so will not approach those in authority with bated breath and whispering humbleness, but as freemen we will demand, asking only that which is just." But why will there be no failure if the demand be made by the united Grand Army? Not because of the justice of the demand, for its justice does not depend upon the union of the organization in making it. It might be equally just if it were not backed by a united Grand Army. The reason of its success, therefore, would be the united demand, which means simply that no party in Congress would dare to risk the loss of the soldier vote.

But does not this mean that Congress would understand the demand to be virtually a threat that the members who did not support it would be made to suffer? And is not this a plain use of the Grand Army for a partisan or political purpose? Would it not be in effect a bid for the support of the soldier vote? If a combination of manufactures should demand the passage of a certain measure as an act of justice, would not every member of Congress who opposed it understand that he was marked by the combination? No great organized body of voters can demand of Congress the passage of a law which they hold that they have a right to demand, declaring that if they are united the demand will be resistless, without becoming a powerful and important political force. The action which the late Commander recommended, and which the Grand Army adopted, makes it for the purposes declared a political body. The votes of its members for Representatives in Congress would be governed by the position of candidates upon the measures favored by the Grand Army, and that, of course, brings the organization into politics.

THE PEOPLE AND THE SPOILS.

THE Indianapolis *Civil Service Chronicle* says that President HARRISON, upon his late visit to his home, was received respectfully, but in no sense enthusiastically. The reason, it thinks, is simply that he has been engaged in a business which does not arouse the approval of the people.

> "He has been President now for about five months, and during that time the whole world knows that he has had the one occupation of making vacancies by turning men and women out of public offices, and putting other persons into their places, and that these other persons have been given the places to reward them for personal or party services. There has been nothing in his career as President to break the monotony of this work, and it is a matter for congratulation that the people are not enthusiastic over it."

This is a plain statement of the truth. The *Chronicle* does not agree with Senator HOAR that the large majority of the American people approve the spoils system, as it does not believe that a large majority of the Russian people approve the crimes committed in Siberia and elsewhere by "the organization which calls itself the Russian government," or that the people of Continental Europe prefer to be burdened by the cost of enormous armies.

> "These things continue because the government machinery so skilfully unite and handle the minority that the majority are kept under; and it is often only after years of agitation and protest, and sometimes rebellion, that a small part of the improvements which a people believe in can be obtained."

In the same way the party machines in this country, says the *Chronicle*, subdue the will of the people. The party managers, "the GORMANS, the VESTS, the VOORHEESES, the QUAYS, the MAHONES, the HISCOCKS, the INGALLSES," scare the President from his platform. Then smaller politicians and bosses raise a cry against the Chinese system; and then Senator HOAR and those who like him favor the merit system come forward and say

> "that the great majority of the people like these political bosses, and want, for instance, INGALLS to arrange it so that those who ride fifty miles exclusively to help his personal fortunes shall be paid for this service by a salary out of the public treasury."

The people may not think the proposed merit system the best method of escape, but the *Chronicle* holds that they wish to escape. They are conscious of the disgrace and the loss and the demoralization, and they would gladly apply a remedy.

THE TORY BID FOR IRISH FAVOR.

WHEN Mr. GLADSTONE recently advocated the royal marriage grant, and Mr. PARNELL voted with him, it was announced that there would soon be a serious breach in the Liberal ranks. This is supposed to be made more imminent by the proposal of the Tory government to endow a Roman Catholic University in Ireland, which is a stroke of "politics," because the strength of the Liberal party in England lies in the Non-conforming ranks, and to Non-conformists nothing could be more distasteful than such a concession to the Roman power.

The Irish party, which is devoted exclusively to securing all that is possible for Ireland, would naturally favor this proposal of the government, unless it should involve some injury to the Irish cause, which does not yet appear, unless the possible dissolution of the Liberal alliance should be considered to be such an injury. But apart from the alienation of the Non-conformists from the Liberal alliance, the proposal of the government is a two-edged sword. If it tends to relax the bonds that unite the Irish party with the Liberals, it also alarms the Ulster Protestants who are the Irish contingent of the Tory party. Any concession which would increase the influence of the Catholic clergy, the Ulstermen would regard as a surrender to the enemy. But this objection is countered by the Tory claim that the concession would naturally incline the Catholic clergy to a more kindly disposition toward the government.

The situation is obscure and the result uncertain. The Tory Ministry keeps a bold front, and it is certainly fortunate in its Irish Secretary. Mr. BALFOUR combines vigor and energy with the humorous courage and good-nature which are always attractive to Englishmen. He is an able man and a clever speaker, and, above all, he is young. This Parliament has yet some time before its end, and Mr. GLADSTONE is eighty years old.

PERSONAL.

THE Rev. Dr. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, who bore his part so well in his rather stormy debate on trusts with Mr. GUNTON at the recent Chautauqua meeting, resembles in appearance a quiet scholar more than a vigorous polemic. Dr. GLADDEN was at one time editor of that pleasant magazine, now discontinued, *Sunday Afternoon*. His first marked literary reputation was won by his papers on "The Christian League of Connecticut," and of late years he has become widely known as a writer on social topics. He is a pronounced mugwump, and is of the broad school in theology as well as in politics. In his former pastoral charge at Springfield, Massachusetts, his liberal views on theological points caused him to be looked upon with disapprobation by some of his clerical brethren, although his own people were deeply attached to him. He now holds a church in Columbus, Ohio. His generous catholic spirit, as well as his genial manners, gain him friends wherever he goes.

—Canon FARRAR'S visit to this country a few years ago apparently impressed him pleasantly, since he has sent his son here to complete his education. The young man, who is said not to resemble the typical Englishman in appearance, will take a scientific course at Lehigh University, and will afterward take his degree of civil engineer at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, New York.

—The late JOHN W. McCOY, of Baltimore, who bequeathed his valuable library to Johns Hopkins University, and his fine paintings and statuary to Peabody Institute, left a legacy of $2000 to the novelist RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

—The tennis championship of America has just been won for the second time by a young Brooklyn lawyer, HARRY W. SLOCUM. Mr. SLOCUM is a son of General SLOCUM, and is a Yale graduate.

—The two English engineers, Sir JOHN FOWLER and BENJAMIN BAKER, who recently made a minute examination of the Hudson River Tunnel, are comparatively young men. They were both engaged in the construction of the Forth Bridge, and stand high in their profession. One of them will probably remain here to supervise the work on the tunnel. The funds for this enterprise will be advanced by a syndicate of English capitalists, who were, it is said, induced to take this step by J. H. MANGHAM, who was formerly a Colorado banker, and is now one of the men most energetic in furthering American interests with English capital.

—The new Catholic mission to Nassau will be in charge of Sister MARIE DOLORES, formerly Miss VAN RENSSELAER of New York. Eight or ten of the Sisters of Charity from the Foundling Asylum will accompany her, and their work will be to better the condition of the poor negroes by teaching the young and nursing the sick.

—St. Louis has to thank the late HENRY SHAW for the possession, in the Missouri Botanical Gardens, of the finest collection of plants and flowers in America, and the third finest in the world. Mr. SHAW was in his ninetieth year when he died, had been an enthusiastic botanist and plant collector for over thirty years, and had devoted his taste and wealth to the formation and beautifying of these grounds. They cover nearly fifty-four acres, and within them were the summer residence and tomb of Mr. SHAW. The gardens were enriched by statuary and busts, and were laid out in the formal style that obtains in foreign parks.

—The announcement has been made that a full indemnity will be offered to the two American tourists who were arrested and locked up in Berne on suspicion of being pick-pockets. There was no evidence that warranted their detention, but upon the statement of the German Consul that he had been robbed by American pick-pockets, the two travellers were searched and imprisoned for three days. Their release was effected through the protest of Minister WASHBURNE.

—The new Brooklyn Museum, to be erected upon the east side lands, will be built chiefly by popular subscription, aided by a fund of $200,000 already in hand. All the working scientific societies of the city are affiliated with this enterprise, and an institute is contemplated that will be for instruction as well as sightseeing.

—Among the distinguished octogenarians who make a practice of early rising may be numbered Cardinal NEWMAN. The great Tractarian is very feeble, but still receives visitors, and bestows especial cordiality upon American guests.

—By the death of her daughter, Mrs. JULIA JACKSON CHRISTIAN, the widow of Stonewall JACKSON is left childless. Although General JACKSON was twice married—the first time to Miss JUNKIN, a sister of Mrs. MARGARET J. PRESTON, the poetess—he had but this one child, the daughter of his second wife. Mrs. CHRISTIAN was, as a child, a conspicuous figure at the ceremony of unveiling the statue of her father erected in Richmond, Virginia, by his English admirers. She was married in that city only two years ago.

—HERBERT SPENCER has been engaged on an autobiography during his sojourn in Wiltshire. Now that his health is improved, he will return to London and resume work on his synthetic philosophy.

—A London correspondent writes: "I lunched with MARY ANDERSON last week, and never saw her looking better. All this about her mind being affected is the merest rot, and physically she is recovering her strength and health very rapidly. She has just gone on a month's visit to Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAM BLACK at Oban."

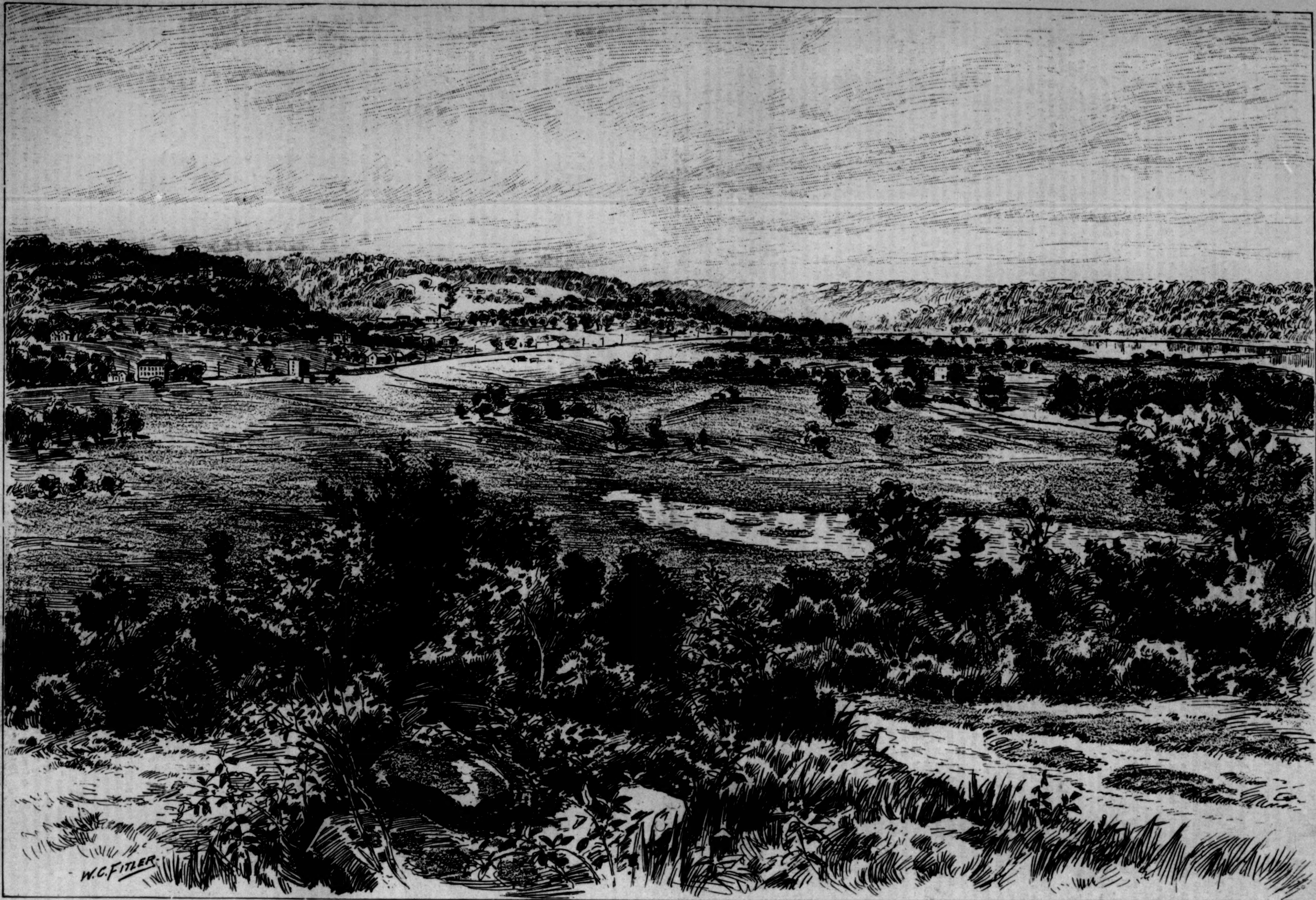
—Professor EDWARD G. COY, the new principal of Phillips Exeter Academy, is a graduate of Yale College and an instructor of long experience. After leaving college he taught for a time at Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Massachusetts, and then went to Phillips Andover Academy, where he has been a member of the faculty for fifteen years. He is over six feet tall, of athletic build, and of fine personal appearance.

—Miss ANITA McCORMICK, of Chicago, who is to marry EMMONS BLAINE, is described as pretty, a leader of society, and worth $2,000,000.

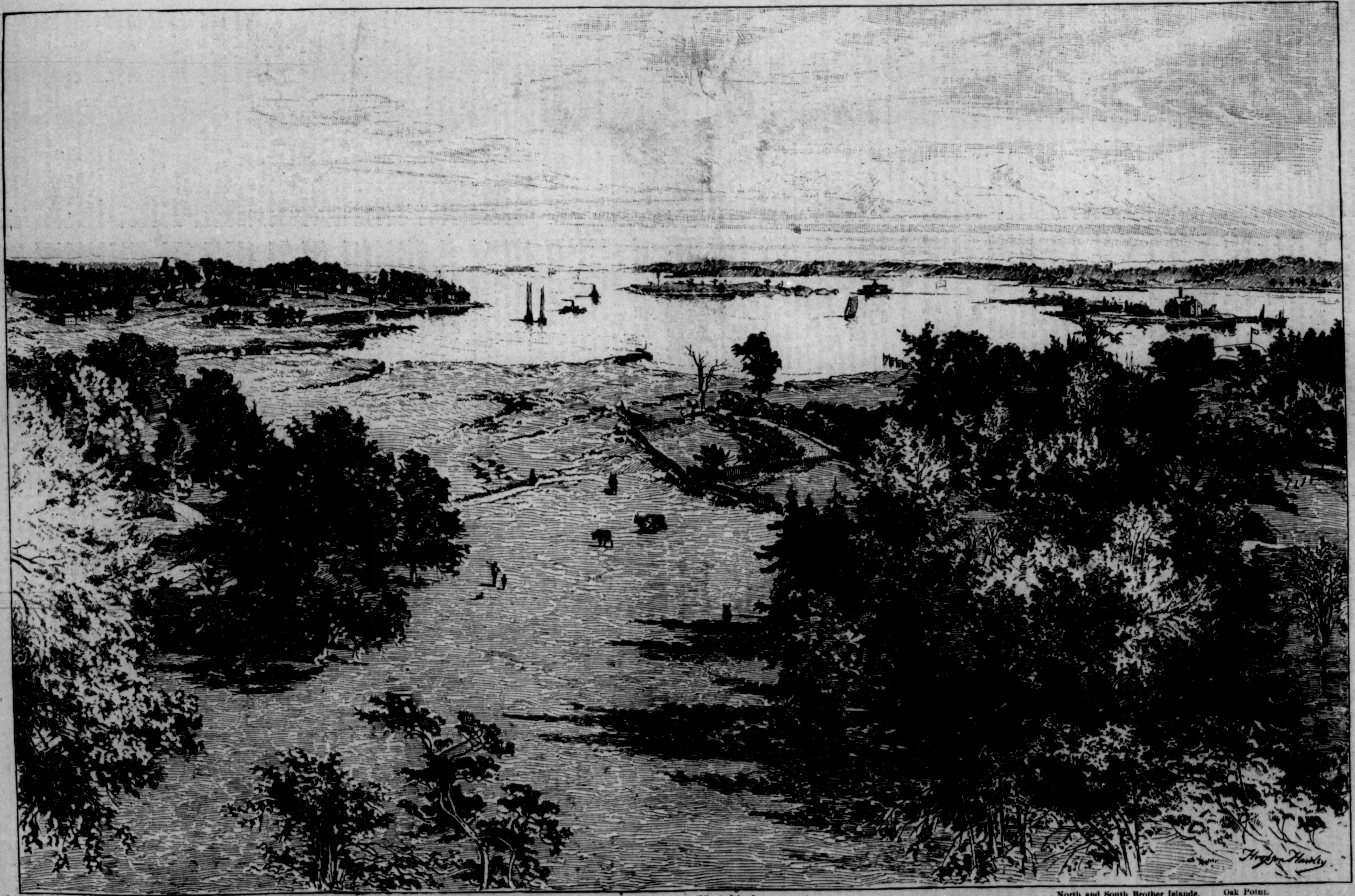
—The heir-apparent to the throne of Japan, Prince HARKE, is a lusty and active boy of ten years, who is being brought up in a very sensible way. He has plenty of exercise, and while he attends the nobles' school, is not filled with foolish ideas of his own rank and importance.

—The marriage of Hon. GEORGE E. FOSTER, minister of Dominion finance, to Mrs. ADDIS CHISHOLM, a brilliant Canadian woman, has caused something of a sensation over the border. Mrs. CHISHOLM obtained a divorce not long ago in Chicago on the ground of her husband's desertion, and the validity of such a separation is questioned in the Dominion. Mr. CHISHOLM, a successful lawyer, member of Parliament, and railroad president, absconded nine years ago, and since then his wife has been a prominent worker in the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Mr. FOSTER is a strong advocate of prohibition, and was admitted to the Dominion cabinet as the representative of his party. Some years ago he was a successful temperance lecturer in this country.

—Among the many picturesque and commanding characters at Washington is General ALBERT PIKE, who through long and distinguished services has become the ranking Masonic dignitary of the world. He has been at the head of the Scottish rite for the southern jurisdiction of the United States since 1859, and is the only Masonic potentate in America elected and "crowned" for life. General PIKE was born in Boston, December 29, 1809, and was matriculated at Harvard when sixteen years old, but was forced to leave college for lack of funds. He became a lawyer of distinction in the South, served in the Mexican war, and was a Confederate brigadier during the rebellion. His giant frame, his white hair and beard, and his simple attire attract attention whenever he appears on the street, although he rarely leaves his official residence. The latter, known as "His Holy House," stands at the corner of Third and E streets, and is an elegant building devoted largely to Masonic mysteries. The general is a widower, but his daughter, an accomplished woman, lives with him in his apartments. Surrounded by flowers and birds and many curiosities which an eventful life has brought to him, he spends much time in writing on Masonic subjects, and frequently receives calls from prominent members of the order in this and other countries.



THE PROPOSED INWOOD SITE FOR THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF 1892—VIEWED FROM FORT GEORGE.—Drawn by W. C. Fitler.—[See Page 738.]


Hughson Hawley
Barretto Point.
Riker's Island.
North and South Brother Islands.
Oak Point.

THE PROPOSED SITE AT OAK AND BARRETTO POINTS ON THE SOUND FOR THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF 1892.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 738.]

PUMPER JIM.

There were mobs of angry men in the Tuna Valley. They had collected at various points, with the intention of marching to the head office of the Combined Pipe Lines Company in a body that represented the oil producers of the entire Harford region, and demanding that their oil tanks be relieved. Failing to obtain this concession, the producers meant to take possession of the Lines, and run them for their self-protection or destroy them.

It was a beautiful May day, soft and warm, and Jim Croffut felt indolent, as he sat outside of the pump station listening to the monotonous strokes of the big engine sending the petroleum with a musical clink into the main line. He had smoked his pipe so lazily that it had gone out, but he still held the stem between his teeth.

A cheerful laugh roused him from his reverie, and he swung forward, dropping the chair on its four feet.

"Well, I declare, Jim, you are the sleepiest man on the Tuna. You never can keep your pipe going."

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Stearns? Will you sit?"

"No, thank you; I'm on my way to the store."

"Will you 'blige by bringin' me a plug of smokin' tobaccy? I'm about out of that consolation."

"Certainly, Jim; but I do think you about the most easily consoled man I ever saw. Good-morning."

"Good-mornin'."

He watched her tripping lightly over the ground for a few moments, and then, resuming his seat, muttered, "Perhaps not so easily consoled as you think, Widow Stearns, when none but you can do it; and yit I can't tell you, for it would seem like fergittin' Bill Stearns, and me and him was pards too long for that."

Knowing that he would soon have a new supply of tobacco, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and filled the bowl, packing it well with the crumbs which he picked from his coat pocket with thumb and forefinger. The coat was still lying over his knees, but he seemingly forgot to fumble in it for a match, while he rested his elbows on it. Again his preoccupation was broken by a voice, likewise familiar to him. This time the shed was between him and the speaker, who exclaimed, "Whoa, boys! don't kick, or we'll all be in kingdom come in two shakes of a cat's tail."

Jim jumped to his feet and ran around the shed. Before him lay a torpedo man, thrown from his box by the breaking of an axle, and holding to the lines that guided his team. The horses instinctively stood still, and Jim hastened to unhitch them lest they should become restless and kick the wagon, which, the torpedo man grimly informed him, was loaded. When the horses were tied to a tree at a short distance from the wreck, Jim went to the torpedo man and helped him to his feet.

"I got a bad twist, Pumper Jim; but I'm thankful that was all."

"Well, you are under obligashuns to be glad, for you come mighty near bein' a passenger on the sky-high route. How did you get tied up that way, anyhow?"

"Makin' a short-cut. I was goin' gentle enough, but the wheel got twisted somehow on the big pipe, and the axle snapped. I dropped on the pipe, and hurt somethin'."

"You torpedo men are all durn fools, anyhow, Jake Burdin, and it's a wonder there ain't more of you knocked into the tree-tops."

By that time Jake was comfortable as he could be made on the rude lounge Jim constructed with a plank and two chairs.

"I'll look for somebody to send Rogers word," said Jim; and he went out to the main road, where he met a detachment of producers on their way to Harford.

"Say," he called, "there's a man hurt down to the pump station—Jake Burdin. Will one of you men be kind enough to tell Rogers?"

Very much like a string of oaths condemning all sorts of monopolies was the sentence hurled back at him by the man nearest him.

"Monopolies 'ain't got nothin' to do with a man bein' human, have they? You tell Rogers to send a doctor ~~out~~ here, and then you can call yourself a man."

Jim guessed the errand of the men, for he had heard the mutterings of the storm that was to break that day, but he made no allusion to the discontent which had at last developed into violence.

"We're comin' back to see you, mebbe, and we'll fetch a doctor with us."

"You will find me at home when you come, but if there's a man in that crowd he'll go straight to Rogers's office when he gets to Harford, and let 'em know there that one of their men's laid up here with a bad hurt."

"That bein' the case, we'll all call on Rogers right off, for we're all men, and demand a man's rights."

"Much obliged," Jim called, and then hastened to Jake.

"Take it easy as you can, Burdin, Rogers will send for you soon."

He was right, for in a short time one of Rogers's teams dashed up to the pump station, and the driver leaped to the ground. Jake was lifted into the buggy, and the driver took up the lines to go, when Jim asked what was going on in Harford.

"Nothin' but the producers; they're goin' on big, and there's likely to be somethin' smashed 'fore night."

"Likely," Jim commented, and then nodded good-by to Jake.

An extra man, who had come with the buggy, mounted one of the horses Jake had driven, and leading the other, was soon out of sight. The broken wagon, with its load of explosive, lay on its side.

Jim contemplated it a few minutes, and then remarked: "If there's to be any smashin' goin' on, that stuff in there might be useful. I'll just confiscate it, as they used to say in the army."

He lifted the lid off the box, and looked at the cans. They were all small, each containing a quart of nitro-glycerine.

"Good!" he muttered. "They'll make good bombs. I could throw one of them about one hundred feet, I reckon, on a pinch."

He took them carefully out of the box, and carried them into the shed, as he called the little house that covered the pumping engines. When done with that, he looked around for his pipe, and finally found it half full of tobacco. Lighting it, he sat down to resume the meditation that had been twice interrupted that day. Finding that his thoughts were inclined to wander, he rose and gave the fires a shaking up. When he threw the poker down, he said to himself, as if to another person,

"If they get to howlin' round here, I guess I'll have to let the fires go out, but there's no use in borrowin' trouble."

The sun was on the slant to the west when he heard again the Widow Stearns's voice, but this time it was full of alarm.

"They're comin', Jim—the producers! They're just at my heels, but they stopped down there in the hollow to smash the pipe. I saw them breaking it with crow-bars."

She was very much excited, and exhausted and breathless from running.

"Sit down, Mrs. Stearns, and rest up a bit while I stop the pump. There ain't no use in squirtin' the grease on to the ground."

He looked at her flushed cheeks, and knew that had it not been for the unusual bodily exertion she had undergone they would have been pale, for he saw her fright in her eyes and felt it in her tone.

"But you must run, Jim. They're comin' to smash the pump, and if they find you here they might hurt you."

"Did you bring the tobaccy, Mrs. Stearns?"

"Certainly I did; but you must hurry out of here."

"No; I must stay here; but you must run soon as you give me the tobaccy."

"Oh, Jim, run! for they will kill you." She got up, and put her hands on his shoulders pleadingly.

"No, they won't. I'll just keep them away till they cool off, and then I'll come home to supper, for they will go away."

"If you don't go, I won't; for if they see a woman here they won't do any damage for fear of hurtin' her."

"You mustn't stay for that reason. They would say Jim Croffut had got a woman to protect him. You give me the tobaccy, and run."

"But, Jim—"

"I'll take care of myself; and you must go now, but don't forget the tobaccy."

"Here it is. Good-by, for I'd rather go than have them think you a coward; but it isn't easy, Jim."

He had snatched the tobacco with a quick "Thank you," and was climbing to the roof of the station on a ladder. In one hand he carried a can of glycerine. When he reached the platform that he had built there as a sort of observatory, she was out on the road. He waved his hand to her, and ran down the ladder. In a few minutes he had four cans on the platform, and then sat down to light his pipe.

"My! that woman hangin' on to my arms flustered me 'most. I'd rather face the whole mob of producers than have her so beseechin', for I don't git so shook up."

He had not long to wait until he saw the producers coming. When he saw how many there were of them, he ran down the ladder and locked the doors of the station; then he went back to the platform. At the head of the crowd of angry men he recognized the man whom he had requested to inform Rogers of the torpedo man's accident.

"Hello, Ben Harbaugh, what's up?"

"You, and we want you to come down and open the doors. We want to examine the pump. 'Tisn't workin'."

"Oh, the pump's all right! I got lazy and shut her down. Too hot to-day for even a pump to work."

"Well, you can suit your pleasure about lettin' us in; we'll get in ourselves. Come on, boys."

Harbaugh held up a light crow-bar as a sort of signal to the others to follow him, and turned in from the road.

"Jest wait a second, Harbaugh, and take a look at this." He rose to his feet and held up a can. "That's a bomb. It's glycer'n, and if you fellers git too close to them doors, I'll drop it on your heads."

Harbaugh came to a halt, and the others crowded around him, peering at Jim, whose tall strong figure was in position for immediate action. They were angry and very determined, those men, and would have laughed at a gun levelled at them, but the mention of glycerine made them pause. It has no aim, but scatters death in radii from the point of its explosion.

Harbaugh plucked up courage, and called: "You can't fool us with an empty can, Jim, and we give you just one more chance to git down and out of the way, for we are goin' to smash that pump."

For reply Jim swung the can around his head, and let it go at a tangent. It struck the ground two hundred feet from the men and exploded, hurling stones and dirt in every direction.

The producers fell back, for they had seen the other cans, and knew well the folly of risking their lives in the attempt to dislodge a man who was determined to use such ammunition in defence of the property he was guarding. A consultation was held, and it was decided to parley with the pumper. Harbaugh was selected as spokesman, and he approached with two or three others to within easy talking distance of the station.

"Say, Croffut, we want to talk to you," Harbaugh said.

"Go ahead; I can hear you from there," Jim replied.

"Why don't you get down and out, and give us a chance to get square with the Lines? They've never done anything particular for you, and they have done us a mighty sight of harm."

"How?"

"By letting our tanks overflow, and the oil from our wells run to waste. We can always get our oil run if we will sell it to them at a lower price than the regular market."

"So I've heard," Jim commented; "but how's smashin' the pump goin' to help you?"

"It will bring the Lines to terms, and when they get a new pump up, they will be afraid to let our oil run to waste."

"What 'll become of your oil when the pump's layin' idle?"

"We can afford the loss if we get satisfaction afterward in having our oil taken care of."

"Well, I 'ain't got nothin' to do with that; I'm here to pump, and to take care of the Lines' property."

"You're pumpin' water, that's what you're doin'," one of the other producers blurted.

"What come out on the ground when you broke the line down in the holler, grease or water?"

The producers looked at each other in amazement, as if to ask how he knew of the broken line, and then Harbaugh remarked: "It was the Widow Stearns. Come, Jim," he said, in louder voice, "surrender, and we will make it right with you."

"It's right with me now," Jim answered; "I'm here to protect this pump, and I'm goin' to do it."

"Well, you can't say that we haven't given you ample notice, and if you get hurt, it 'll be your own fault."

"Yes, I guess it will," Jim observed, with provoking calmness.

The producers retired to the main body, and another consultation was held. Propositions were made to surround the pump station, and boldly attack it, but the cooler heads promptly decided against such measures.

"I've got an idea," said Harbaugh. "Let us lay quiet until supper-time, and then the Widow Stearns will come with something for Jim to eat. When she goes up to the station, we'll just follow her. Jim won't dare to fire a glycerine can then for fear of killing her."

"Good!" exclaimed a number of the producers, and all gave assent to the plan.

A short time after sunset Mrs. Stearns came up the road, and turned to go to the station. Harbaugh and two others immediately joined her, and behind them followed other producers armed with crow-bars and hammers. Of the presence of the main body of men, who had been concealed in the woods, she was ignorant; and with regard to the others, she took no thought until Jim called to her,

"I don't want any supper to-night, Mrs. Stearns, and you tell the other pumper I'll stay on for the night turn."

"All right, Mr. Croffut; I'll tell him," Mrs. Stearns answered, and turned to go home. Then she discovered the number of men who had been behind her. Her way was blocked, and she had to step back to avoid being trod upon. The men in the rear were advancing and pushing those in front, who forced Mrs. Stearns nearer to the station, she wondering what it meant.

Jim made it plain to her when, in cold, deliberate tones, he said, "Ben Harbaugh and you other men, you needn't think that you can find protection behind a woman, for as sure as I live, if you come ten steps further, I'll throw a can at you."

"Why, Jim, you wouldn't kill a woman!" Harbaugh exclaimed.

"Not intentionally; but I'm here to take care of this pump, as I told you, and don't you men come ten steps closer, that's all."

Mrs. Stearns had faced about, and was looking at Jim. She realized her danger, if he meant what he said, and when her eyes rested on his resolute face her cheeks blanched, and a shiver passed over her. The men behind seemed to disbelieve Jim, for they were steadily advancing, while Jim was counting their steps: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven"—then he stooped and lifted a can—"eight, nine—"

"Stop, or he will kill us!" shrieked the widow, seeing Jim swing the can, and her words called a halt. Jim lowered the can, and awaited the next movement of the producers.

"He's crazy," said Harbaugh, "and he will throw those cans at us, sure. Let us fall back and wait till after dark."

In a minute the widow was left standing alone, her knees shaking, and her breath coming in short convulsive gasps. Tears filled her eyes, and through the mist before her she gave Jim a reproachful look; then she turned and walked slowly away.

"He would have thrown that bomb whether it had killed me or not," she murmured; "and all for that old pump that could be replaced in three weeks."

She began to sob, not caring that many men were looking at her, desirous only that Jim should not see her. Suddenly the growing darkness against the western hill-side reflected to her eyes a yellowish tint. She looked back. The big gas jet at the station was ablaze. Jim had taken advantage of the momentary discomfiture of the producers to light it, and the wide circle of its light made the ground within one hundred yards of him almost as plain to his vision as it was in the daylight. And in spite of her grief she was glad he had the protection that the gas jet gave him.

As the darkness settled, the silence in the valley was broken only by the crickets, and from toward Harford came the faint sound of the whistle of a locomotive. Jim moved restlessly on the small platform, wishing the officers of the Lines would send a rescuing party. Again the whistle sounded, nearer this time, and Jim hoped that the approaching train bore to him relief from his trying position. While he looked down the valley and listened for the rumble of the cars, a flash illumined the darkness of the woods, and he fell prone upon the platform. He was shot through the side. There was a shout from the mob as they charged on the pump station.

Jim heard the cry of onslaught, and staggered to his feet. By great effort he was able to appear strong in spite of the stream of warm blood on his leg.

"Stop, you devils, or I'll kill every one of you!" and he threw a can of glycerine right in the path of the producers. It burst, and the explosion covered them with dust and pelted them with pebbles. "Stop!" he yelled again, as he swung another can into the air.

The producers huddled together, and then fell back to wait until Jim was exhausted by the flow of blood from his wound. The swoon came sooner than they expected. As he sank on the platform, the short, sharp whistle that to the railroader means "Down brakes!" sounded in his ears. Immediately the producers charged on the station; but Harbaugh called a halt before they reached it, for he saw the sheriff and his armed deputies (many of whom were clerks and employés of the Lines) advancing from the train just come to a stand-still. Seeing the number of the sheriff's posse, the producers fled, and scattered under cover of the woods.

There was a surgeon with the sheriff's force, who dressed Jim's wound, and then, on a stretcher, the pumper was carried to his room at Mrs. Stearns's house. His recovery was slow, and the widow was unfailing in her attention to him. She was kind and gentle, but there was a change in her manner that distressed Jim. He could not account for it, and spent many an hour in silent meditation upon it. One day a light broke in upon him, and he framed a question for the widow.

"Did you think I would 'a throwed that can at you that day when the producers was pushin' yer to'rds the station?"

When he launched the query at her the widow was confused, and answered disconnectedly that she had thought he would have thrown it.

"You was mistaken, for I would have let 'em smash the old pump rather than run the risk of takin' any innercent life, much less yours, or even hurtin' you, for I've had a hankerin' after you this many a day."

The widow's cheeks flushed a deeper red, and her eyes sparkled with the light of joy; but she could not resist the temptation to say, "You looked a good deal more in earnest when you threatened to throw that can at me than you do now, and if I was mistaken then, mebbe I oughtn't to be quick in believing now."

"I had to look mighty much in earnest then, for looks had to do the business, but now I'm trustin' mostly to words."

"Well, if you can trust them, I guess I can too."

After that declaration there was nothing in the widow's manner that distressed Jim.

Alexander L. Kinkead.

TWO PROPOSED SITES FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Executive Committee on Site and Buildings for the projected World's Fair, at its meeting on August 31st, adopted a resolution inviting property owners and others interested to send to the committee before September 10th whatever facts and recommendations they had to offer with respect to any of six certain locations within the city limits. Illustrations of two of these specified sites, that at Inwood, and the one at Oak and Barretto's points, are presented in this issue of Harper's Weekly.

The Inwood site lies at the northwestern extremity of Manhattan Island. It is roughly triangular in shape, with its apex at the point where the Harlem River and the ship canal, when completed, will meet. Its southern line is One-hundred-and-seventy-eighth Street. Tenth Avenue and the Harlem River bound it on the east, and the Kingsbridge Road, which is a continuation of St. Nicholas Avenue, runs along its entire western side. The surface is diversified, and both upland and lowland. The higher area is rolling, and in some places broken. It extends from the southern limit as far north as Fort George, and contains some 250 acres. From here the lowland runs to Kingsbridge, and is skirted on one side by the river. This section contains about 160 acres, and is known as Dyckman's Flat—so named, apparently, for the same reason that hills in England are sometimes called downs. Only a small part of its surface is level, and it abounds in pleasing knolls and slopes.

The view from the uplands is particularly fine. It commands the valley of the Harlem for miles, and directly opposite are the green lawns and tasteful houses of Fordham and the adjacent suburban region. At one point through a rift in the line of hills can be seen the shining Hudson and the Palisades beyond. The whole presents decidedly the best scene of hill and dale and stream to be found near the metropolis, or, in the minds of some of the locally patriotic residents in the vicinity, anywhere else in the world. This area of 410 acres is partly wooded and partly open ground, with natural advantages for drainage. Aside from two or three buildings, including the architecturally attractive Isabella Home for aged people, which can profitably be permitted to stand, there is, singularly enough in a locality of such an extent on Manhattan Island, perhaps not $25,000 worth of houses on the whole tract. It is stated advisedly that the proprietors will give the use of the ground without further price than that it be exempted from taxation for so long as it shall be used for the Exposition. They will take the taxes for their rent.

With respect to accessibility and transportation the Inwood site is favorably placed. It is approached by a number of wide highways and excellent drives. Sedgwick, St. Nicholas, and Tenth avenues, the Boulevard, and the Kingsbridge and Ridge roads are the principal ones. On the east it is reached by the new Washington Bridge close at hand, which is one of the few structures of a public character that New York city can reasonably show with pride to strangers. Near by is High Bridge, whose glory, to a great extent, is eclipsed by the new-comer, but like the "auld brig" at Ayr it is still worth consideration. There is a fair prospect that the elevated railroad company will have a branch on the Boulevard by 1892, the late opposition of property owners having been practically withdrawn, it is said. The Manhattan officials have agreed to complete the proposed extension, and have trains running within twelve months after the right of way shall have been secured to the locality in question. The cable road has been for some time in operation to Fort George. Light-draught steamers can go to the grounds, which have a mile frontage on Harlem River. Just across this stream are the New York Central and the Northern railroads, on the tracks of which the New Haven, Harlem, and the New England can switch their trains. To the west there is communication with Inwood Station on the Hudson River road, and with the river itself, by a level road half a mile long through the gap in the ridge at that point. Railroad facilities can be quickly and inexpensively provided for traffic between the river and the fair. Opposite Inwood on the New Jersey shore is Englewood, where, if desired, the various railroads from the West and South can land their passengers and freight to be ferried over. Here also the water is deep enough to accommodate ocean steamers.

The Oak and Barretto's points site lies near the northeastern extremity of the city limits, on the East River, or Long Island Sound, beginning at what would be One-hundred-and-forty-ninth Street if that thoroughfare existed. It includes Oak Point, Leggett's Point, and Barretto's Point, and all the land between the Harlem branch of the New Haven road and the river. There are here upward of 400 acres, to which more could be added if needed. Riker's Island, containing 100 acres, lies off the shore and is already owned by the city. It is suggested that the island could be advantageously utilized for an Indian encampment, which might be easily reached from the main grounds by a ferry. It is assumed that a World's Fair celebrating the discovery of America would be lacking in an important feature if the aborigines were unrepresented, and it is averred that on some accounts it is desirable that they should be isolated so far as it can be conveniently done. Fidelity to history would be better subserved, it is thought, if they could be presented to visitors as much as possible as they were before they had acquired a fondness for fire-water.

The Oak Point tract is all well adapted to the purposes of the fair, with the exception of some fifty acres of marshy land which would require filling in. It is sufficiently and agreeably wooded, and contains a few fine buildings, which could be used for the wants of the Exposition. Notable among these are the Whitlock château, a really palatial structure, and the large and comely mansion of Mr. R. A. Chesbrough. The Barretto's Point part is a specially desirable piece of land of 127 acres, extending into and sloping gently and symmetrically to the river. The shore of the site with its indentations is one and a half miles in extent, with a sufficient depth of water to float the largest vessels. Much stress is laid by the friends of this site upon the importance of having a World's Fair directly upon an easily traversed inlet of the sea. London and Paris are not situated, it is pointed out, so that they can profit to any great degree in this way, and it is asserted that New York would be foolish, having such advantages as she has, to disregard them and select a site which partook of an inland character.

Oak Point is about seven miles from City Hall, and easily accessible by good drives. Its facilities for water communication are unlimited, and annex boats could be used by the Long Island Railroad and all those terminating at Jersey City. The New York Central, the Harlem, and the Northern roads could connect with the New Haven, so as to run their trains directly to the grounds. The street-car service could be increased indefinitely. If the decision should be in favor of the Oak Point site, it would be necessary to condemn a part at least of the area wanted. The Barretto's Point property has long been in litigation because of questionable title, and could be obtained in no other way. But it is argued that the city must own the land on which the permanent buildings will be erected, and that this is as desirable a location for them as can be found. Its advocates contend that it would be especially suitable for park purposes, and that some of the expenditure of that character which has been authorized by the Legislature could not take a better direction.

It is even suggested that it might be wise for the city to condemn and purchase the whole site, the estimated value of which now is $2,000,000, and which a few years hence would be a number of millions more. Thus something substantial would be provided as the basis for the bonds that are to be issued. In case these fail to be guaranteed by the Legislature, it is declared that they will need a prop of the kind. This proposition is one of the numerous manifestations of the tendency of the finance and site questions to run together.

Amos W. Wright.

HENRY HITCHCOCK.

The American Bar Association, by electing Henry Hitchcock of St. Louis to be its President, has fitly rewarded one of its founders and most active members. Mr. Hitchcock had previously been President of the Bar Associations of his city and State, and he was the first Dean of the Faculty of the St. Louis Law School, in which leading institution in the instruction of law he is still a professor. In these various capacities he has prepared and delivered various papers on legal topics, whose quality is best inferred from the fact that one, "On the Inviolability of Telegrams," has been cited as authority in appellate courts; another is quoted in Bryce's *American Commonwealth* as decisive upon its subject; and a third secured his election to honorary membership in the New York State Bar Association. The list might be much extended if it were necessary, but among the legal profession it will readily be conceded that Mr. Hitchcock, if less conspicuous than some as a litigating lawyer, is the peer of any in the learning and dignity requisite for his new station. To this professional side of his character it should be added that he has been long and conspicuously on the right side in Missouri politics. Under flattering conditions he was elected upon the Unconditional Union ticket to the State Convention of 1861, which resulted, largely by his efforts, in the defeat of the advocates of secession. In 1864 he was assigned to General Sherman's personal staff, and served as Judge-Advocate during the march to the sea. He retired with the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and is now a member of Ransom Post, G. A. R. He organized the Missouri Civil Service Reform Association, and was its president for years.

Mr. Hitchcock comes fairly by his legal and patriotic characteristics. His paternal grandmother was the daughter of Ethan Allen, of Revolutionary fame, and he is descended from a long line of distinguished lawyers. To go no farther back, his father, of the same name, was Chief-Justice of Alabama when the present Henry Hitchcock was born. He was graduated at Yale in 1848, at the age of nineteen, and in 1875 received from that university the degree of LL. D.

CAVALRY IN A SAND-STORM.

"No hot winds *here*, anyhow, to drink up your very life at one gust, and leave you limp as a wet rag," said I, as we sat on deck in the dreamy Mediterranean twilight. "I got caught by them once in Egypt, and a passing Arab howled after me, 'None but a pig and a Christian can face the *khamsin*'" (hot wind). "And I answered, 'So I see, my friend, for *you* and *I* are the only living things abroad!'"

"Well, I'd sooner face that than such a sand-storm as we had once in Arizona," said a gaunt, wiry, keen-eyed man beside me, who looked like an old soldier. "All in one moment the whole sky seemed to rush down upon us as if it were a big pepper-box with the lid off, and instantly all was dark as night, and I felt as if forty thousand ants were eating me up at once. You should have seen how the beasts whisked round to get their backs to it, and ducked their heads down! And how the men shut their eyes, and pulled their hats down over their faces, and covered their mouths with their hands! But it was no use trying to keep the dust out; it seemed to get inside one's very skin. When it cleared off we all looked as if we'd been bathing in brown sugar, and you might have raked a match on any part of my skin, and it would have lit right away."

"You need not go to Arizona for that," cried his English neighbor. "You can see the same thing on the outskirts of Moscow any summer day you like. The moment the wind rises all your surroundings are clean blotted out, and the whole air is a whirl of hot prickly dust, making you smart and tingle from head to foot. Passing wagons loom dimly through the driving storm; ladies hold down their veils with the grasp of desperation; men shut their eyes and plunge blindly on, like mad bulls; and every time you draw breath you feel as if you were taking snuff at the rate of half a bushel a second."

"Most Russian towns are like that," said I; "but the worst sand-storm I ever saw was in the Kara-Koom (Black Sand) Desert, between the Ural Mountains and the Syr-Daria (Jaxartes), when poor McGahan and I were following the Russian army in its march upon Khiva. It was just about sunset on the third day, and I was half across the desert, when a detachment of mounted Cossacks appeared in the distance, coming slowly from the northward. They had got near enough to be plainly seen, when suddenly the biggest of the three camels that drew my Tartar wagon stopped short and began to snuff the air uneasily. Its uneasiness seemed shared by my Kirghiz driver, who, with his lean wolfish face fairly quivering with excitement, goaded the beasts to their full speed with yells and whip cracks up a low ridge in front of us.

"We had hardly reached the top when I saw the advancing Cossacks leap from their horses and fling themselves on the ground, with the grayish-white dust of which their grayish-white dresses mingled so completely that it seemed as if the earth had swallowed them. Just then my camels fell flat on the earth, and the Kirghiz, screaming 'Tebbad!'" (sand-storm) "threw himself beside them. I had just time to notice that the horizon had suddenly grown blurred and dim, as if seen through wet glass, when my Tartar servant dragged me down beside him into the bottom of the wagon, and pulled a heavy shawl tightly over us both. The next moment came a rush and a roar, rocking the huge wagon like a toy, the air grew thick and close, as if we were in an overheated room, and the skirr of the sand against the tilt was like the chirping of a thousand grasshoppers.

"But just as we were almost stifled, the noise began to abate, and we ventured to peep forth. The passing of the storm had left the air bitterly cold, and in the dim moonlight we saw the whole plain lashed into huge ridges, like a stormy sea. My wagon and camels were more than half buried, and the Kirghiz was gone altogether, and when he started up out of the sand, in his long white robe, it was just like a corpse rising from the grave. But for that high ground, which kept the sand from burying us, we should all have been dead men. As for the Cossacks, they got up, shook themselves, and went on as if nothing had happened."

David Ker.

THE CRUISER "PHILADELPHIA."

The launch of a large sea-going war vessel guaranteed to make an average of 19 knots per hour during a four hours' trial is an event of unusual importance, and in fact unprecedented in the American navy. It is true that the *Baltimore* was planned to reach 19 knots, but her contract was for horse-power only, not for speed. The *Vesuvius* attained an average of more than 21½ knots on her official trial; but she is a small special craft of about 800 tons, or less than one-fifth of the displacement of the *Philadelphia*, the latest of the new steel war vessels turned out from the famous ship-building yards of William Cramp & Sons. The success obtained by this firm with the two other vessels just mentioned, and also with the *Yorktown*, which largely exceeded her guaranteed horse-power, gives the amplest assurance that this new product of their skill and experience will be among the finest of its class in the world.

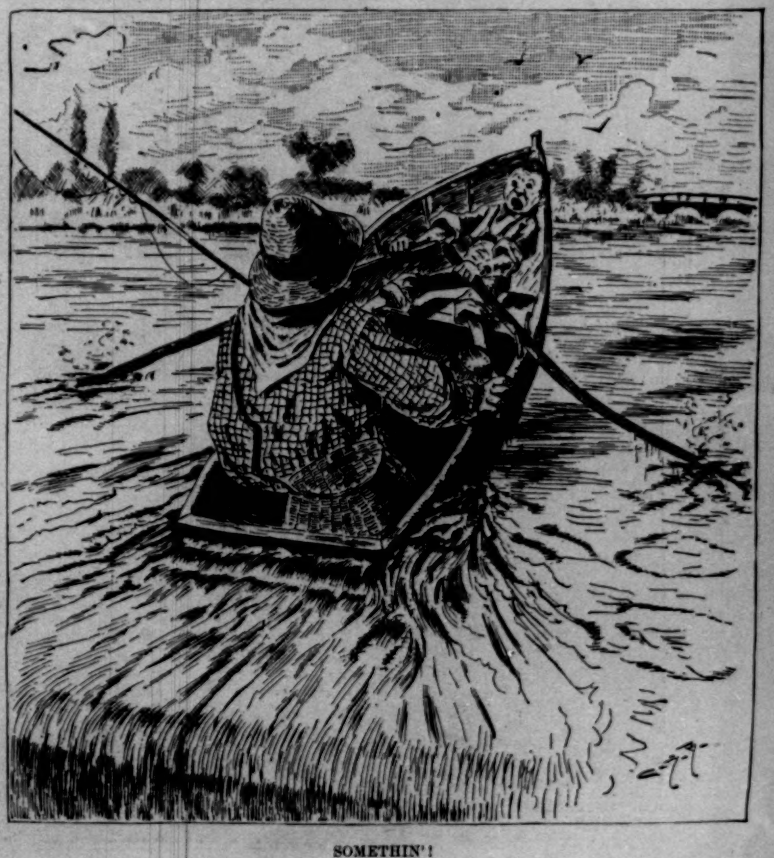
The *Philadelphia* is one of the vessels provided for by an act of Congress approved March 3, 1887. She was then known as Cruiser No. 4, and a maximum appropriation of $1,500,000 was made for her construction, exclusive of her armament. In August of that year the bids were opened, and the award was made to the Messrs. Cramp at $1,350,000. To insure the highest attainable speed, the contract provided a premium of $50,000 for each quarter-knot above the stipulated nineteen, to be kept up in a four hours' trial, while a like sum was to be deducted from the contract price for each quarter of a knot of deficiency. It is confidently expected that the required speed will be reached and a premium earned, although to do this the engines will undoubtedly have to aggregate upward of 10,000 horse-power under forced draught.

The new vessel is 315 feet long by 48½ beam, and has a displacement of 4324 tons. She has a twin screw, triple expansion engines, numerous water-tight compartments, and a protective steel deck covering her machinery and steerage gear, while her coal bunkers also afford protection to the motive power and magazines. The pumping and drainage arrangements are of the best modern sort, and she will have, of course, a full electric-light plant, as also admirable facilities for ventilation. The main battery of the *Philadelphia* will consist of twelve 6-inch breech-loading rifles, and her secondary battery will have many rapid fire and machine guns. The degree of progress effected in American naval construction within a few years is illustrated by the fact that the *Chicago*, which has 4500 tons displacement, or a little more than the *Philadelphia*, makes an average of only 15½ knots. The difference between this and the guaranteed 19 of the *Philadelphia* represents a very great difference in horse-power. Indeed, the number of genuine 19-knot vessels which have been constructed anywhere, exclusive of torpedo craft, is small, and would be still further reduced were that speed required to be maintained, not for a single mile, or a few miles, but in a four hours' run, as it is in our official tests. The *Philadelphia* was to have been fully completed by the end of October, but delays have been caused to all the contractors for the new vessels by the difficulty of procuring an ample supply of steel of the government's high standard. She will, however, come much nearer her contract date of completion than any other of the new vessels thus far, and beyond doubt will be a most valuable addition to the navy, as well as a cruiser in which the city for which she is named can take pride.

EDWARD MITCHELL.

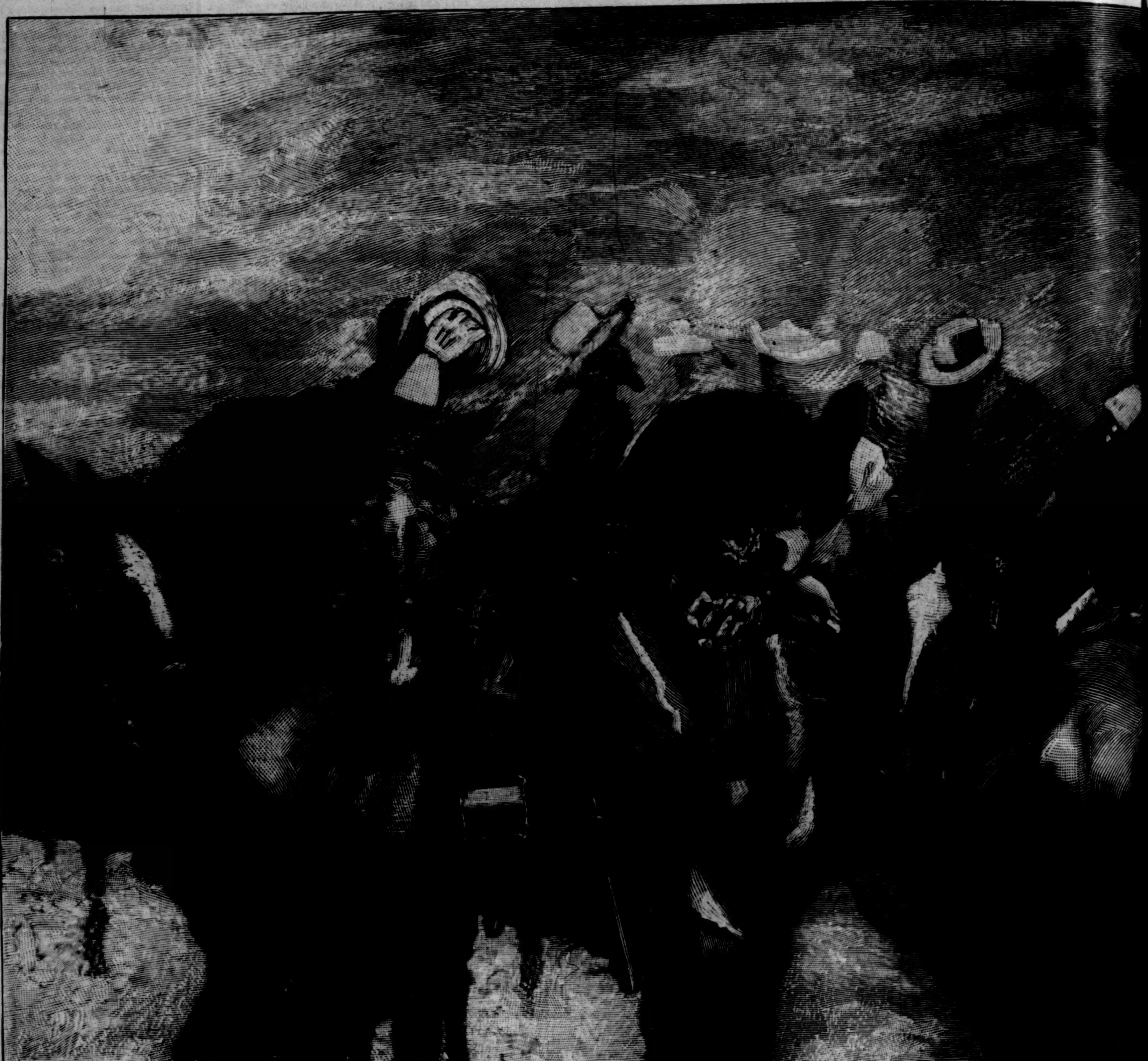
When Edward Mitchell in 1883, and again in 1886, consented to be the Republican candidate for Supreme Court Judge in New York city he and his party knew he headed a forlorn hope. That he was defeated with his party was no discredit, and now that he is rewarded by appointment as United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, all who have observed his career will agree that, in his case at least, the application of the theory "that to the victors belong the spoils" will work no harm to public interests. He was nominated as Judge because his election to the State Assembly in 1879, followed by a singularly successful term of service, gave hope that possibly he might succeed when no other Republican hoped to. These incidents comprise his political career, although he did his party good service in assisting to reorganize it after the Presidential campaign of 1884.

Mr. Mitchell was born in New York city in 1842, and after studying at Columbia College, was a member of its Law School when the war began. Although young enough, if so disposed, to leave fighting to his elders, he forsook his books and served with the Sanitary Commission, not among the home guards, but at the front, at Richmond, Antietam, Port Hudson, and the ill-fated Red River expedition. He was given great trusts, corresponding rather to his acute and sound discretion than to his youth, and was repeatedly commended by name in general orders. With peace he resumed his studies, was admitted to the bar in 1865, and has since been a busy practitioner. In the litigation of wills and of our railways he has been especially successful. His esteem at the bar sufficiently appears from his repeated elections as Treasurer of the Bar Association. Declining a twelfth term, he was unanimously chosen Vice-president. He is also a trustee of Columbia College and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. New-Yorkers best know the capacity and integrity requisite for these positions. In this very creditable career he has merely followed in his father's steps, the late William Mitchell having sat on the Supreme Bench from 1850 to 1858 with conspicuous learning and probity.

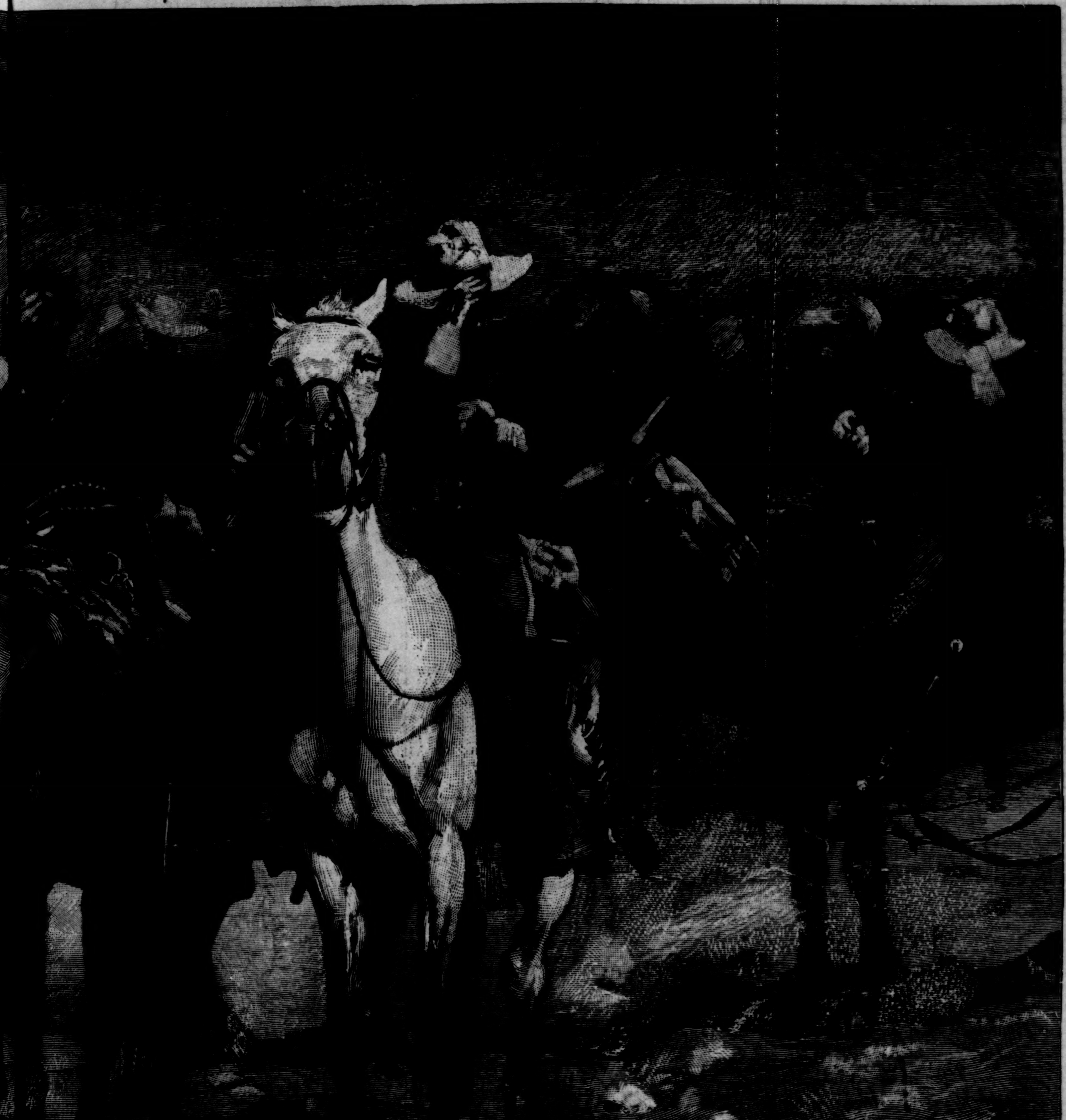


SOMETHIN'!

"Swim, mister?"
"No."
"Float?"
"No."
"Waal, we 'ain't been makin' no headway for the last ten minutes, an' it kinder looks as if you'd hev ter do one or t'other—or—somethin'!"



CAVALRY IN AN ARIZONA SAND-STORM



RM.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 739.]

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

It is safe to say that seven persons in ten who cross the ocean as cabin passengers add to their apprehensions a new terror of the voyage in the form of the customs officer they are to meet at the end of it. Nine in ten have spent more than they meant to, and have no desire to add to the expenditure by paying duty on their purchases. On the homeward voyage all Americans are practical free-traders. The story of one midsummer voyage is like the story of all. The good ship ——, of the Guion Line, made a recent trip with a typical cabin-load. The women began to glisten with newly purchased diamonds before the journey was half finished, "just to see if they would attract much attention," they explained. The men appeared at odd intervals in stiff new garments, in order to say that they had worn them. Half the talk was about the dreaded customs inspectors. Almost every one who had undergone any experience with these sentries of the coast reported them more than half human, and disinclined to notice ordinary European purchases; but what these veterans said had little weight beside the startling narratives of those who merely repeated anecdotes of what had happened to persons they had heard of. Some of these were tales of hapless passengers who had been obliged to retire and be searched, or to spend days and hundreds of dollars in satisfying the greed of our protective policy. There was one story of great *empressement* about a gentleman who, on being asked to pay duty on two silver candlesticks, threw them into the river rather than do so. After seven days of such recitals a great number of the cabin passengers were rendered nervous to a degree that made life wretched for those who had to listen to the borrowed trouble that weighted all their talk. Shakespeare's reference to that human possession which "makes cowards of us all" was never better understood or justified than in that cabin company.

One black-haired woman, of girlish frame and placid mien, exhibited no interest in the otherwise all-absorbing topic. Those who had gone over on the same ship with her declared that she had appeared equally indifferent to the ceaseless rocking of the vessel as it rode out one gale after another all the way across. It seemed that nothing moved or affected her. Early every morning she came up to her deck chair with an unfinished quilt, and the basket of patches, needles, and silk, with which she was completing the pretty spread. All day long she sewed away, stopping only for her meals or her cup of broth at eleven o'clock each forenoon. Old Judge Dash, of Boston, whose wife had purchased two pairs of lace curtains in Brussels, felt personally outraged by the quilt-maker's placidity. He and his wife thought of nothing except the customs inspector who was to examine their trunks. Every day both resolved upon a new mode of smug—that is to say, of getting the curtains through to Boston without paying duty upon them. It was usually the Judge's wife who hit upon each new plan, and the Judge complained that she always woke him up with these new conceptions at five o'clock in the morning, after having kept him up till one o'clock the previous night with impracticable plans. Between loss of sleep and a troubled conscience the Judge was visibly wasting away, but his wife as plainly improved as each day sped along. In Liverpool she put the curtains under paper in the bottom of the trunk. She took them out aboard ship, and folded each half curtain in with the skirt of one dress after another. Then she decided to rip the lining out of his new English ulster, and sew the curtains between the lining and the cloth. She actually went so far as to rip the lining loose, despite his excited assertion that he was not at all certain of getting the ulster in duty free, since it was midsummer, and there was no meteorological excuse for his having an ulster at all. She was only dissuaded by finding that the curtains were too thick to go in the coat without a new and larger lining, accompanied by a certainty of detection. As she put it, the Judge would have looked like the slice of ham in half of a sandwich if he put the coat on with the curtains sewed into it.

On these accounts the Judge felt provoked at the demure quilt-maker for taking no interest in what to him was as interesting as the sentence at the end of a trial is apt to be to a prisoner.

"You don't seem to be at all concerned about the custom-house, miss," said he.

"Not at all," she replied.

"Well, how is that?" he asked.

"Because I'm bringing nothing dutiable," she replied.

"Well, I am," said he. "I've got two pairs of lace curtains, and my wife is making me so nearly crazy about them that if this voyage lasts three days longer, I'll either throw them overboard, or I'll walk right ashore with them over my arm, and I'll call out, 'Here's what I've been trying to run through; here's what made me feel more like a sneak than I ever felt before; here's what's sapped my manhood for seven long—'"

"It was very foolish to buy lace curtains," said the quilt-maker, softly. "But now that you have got them, the only thing to do is to put them at the bottom of whichever trunk has got all your soiled linen in it, then pile the linen on top. Inspectors aren't apt to go much farther when they come to that point."

"Madame," said the Judge, "I know why you've got nothing dutiable. You know too much. You're too level-headed. The consequence is you're about the only one on board who is really enjoying the trip."

The quilt-maker smiled and went on with her sewing. The others continued their worry. The moving tales of happenings to other persons in the past came to an end at last, and the uneasiness might have been temporarily allayed had not an old traveller, who had held aloof from everybody and everything except the poker players and the smoke-room, been indiscreetly questioned about the course he always pursued toward the custom-house men. It was an extra nervous and loquacious lady who asked him the question. His answer, repeated by her to everybody on the deck, was like a bomb-shell.

"My plan is very simple," said he; "I tell nobody on shipboard what I've got. I deal only with the inspector who examines my luggage. These ships are full of custom-house spies. They report what they have learned from the gossip of their fellow-passengers, and the inspectors have no course left except to do their duty."

The ship full of spies! There was a state of things! It capped the climax. Every man and woman tried to absent himself and herself from all the others, in order to recollect just whom they had conversed with, and what they had told them. The ladies who had brought their knick-knacks of silver and china and gold on deck to show to one another were in a fever of alarm. The Judge and his wife, who had allowed every soul on board to know about the lace curtains, were in an agony of apprehension. In a large measure the passengers now began to suspect one another of being custom-house spies. The tension in the cabin was such that had it been transferred to the boilers it would have been dangerous.

The next incident of the voyage was the arrival of the two officers, who came aboard at Staten Island, to receive the declarations of the passengers. A curious mental process, upon which there is no room here to dwell, had gradually brought about a general stifling of conscience, accompanied by the assumption that, after all, no one had anything that was really dutiable; excepting the Judge's lace curtains, of course, and the jewelry and spoons and penknives and watches that would go in the gentlemen's pockets, and therefore did not count, since it was understood that the searching of pockets was a rare occurrence. Therefore all agreed that they would say they had nothing dutiable, and all asserted that they felt easy of mind and conscience in doing so. This was so largely the general agreement that one pledged the other not to break the compact, but to be firm and say they had nothing, when asked the question. What, then, shall be said of human nature when it is known that (so far as one man was able to judge by what he was told and observed) nearly every passenger, on coming to the crucial point, weakened, and gave the officers a general idea of what he had that might call for an enforcement of the law? Not what he or she had in his or her pockets—"mere trifles, you know," of jewelry and precious stones—but the Delft plates, and the suits for the eldest boy at home, and the cheap etchings, and a hint of all the things that had to be left in the trunks. The only answer to such a queer *dénouement* is that human nature is either better, or at least more cautious, than it sometimes pretends to be. As for the officers who heard all this, they replied that such things frankly acknowledged were not worth the government's while to bother about.

Each passenger came away from these forerunners of the dreaded inspection bearing a card on which was written a number. Meantime the steamer moved up the harbor to her wharf. There the passengers landed, and their hand-baggage was carried after them by the ship's stewards—another name for waiters and servants. Each selected a spot on which to pile these small traps, and then the passengers stood guard over them while waiting for the trunks and portmanteaus to be lifted out of the forward hold, four pieces at a time, by rope and windlass. Each lot thus lifted out was put upon a hand-truck and wheeled up the wharf by a 'longshoreman, past all the passengers, who scanned each truck-load, and claimed their own when they recognized it. As fast as a passenger secured all his belongings, he went to a desk set up on the wharf, and showing his number to the official in charge, had an inspector detailed to follow him back to his little island of baggage, for it to undergo inspection. To each lady unattended by a man a female inspector was detailed; to each man, or man and family, a male inspector was told off. The picture on another page shows the scene on the wharf at this juncture. The trunks and bags and hold-alls, and even the hat-boxes, are all gaping like so many fishes beached in a storm, and the inspectors and inspectresses are delving in the receptacles, mercilessly disarranging the packing that was produced by so much care, and perhaps even by professional packers hired in London or Paris.

The employment of female inspectors in numbers sufficient to meet even the midsummer demand at the one great port of the nation has proved a great convenience to all our lady voyagers, except those "suspects" who have to submit to personal examination. There are twenty-one of these inspectresses, and they are detailed to each incoming ship in the proportion of one to each thirty cabin passengers. It is quite possible for more than half a ship-load of home-coming passengers to land and undergo the customs ordeal without being aware of the presence of these inspectresses, for they are of lady-like appearance and deportment, and the tiny badges they display only when they are actually at work easily escape notice.

So far as I heard, in this case, no passenger was called upon to pay any duty upon anything, and no passenger was taken aside to be searched. This disagreeable necessity occurs very infrequently. It does occur when what is found in the trunks gives proof of a clear intent to smuggle; when jewelry is found sewed into clothing or slipped in with the straw or paper used in packing other things. It occurs still more frequently when guilt and anxiety are written on the face and reflected in the behavior of the person whose baggage is undergoing inspection. In such cases the inspectresses deal with a wife apart from her husband, taking her into the little building or room used for the purpose, and to be found, in some form or other, on every steamship company's wharf. The men are examined by officials of their own sex in the same way.

I repeat, however, that, so far as I heard, no one was found guilty of endeavoring to bring in more than Uncle Sam's good-nature would allow. How it was about the Judge's curtains I did not hear, though he and his wife declared at the last that they would put the unhappy purchase on top of everything, in full view, and would volunteer to pay whatever duty was required. But there did float back upon the wind of rumor, a few days later, an almost incredible tale. It was to the effect that the little lady who sewed so placidly upon her quilt, far beyond the clouds of borrowed trouble on the voyage, was a practised smuggler. It was said that into every patch she laid on she sewed a diamond to be smuggled in for a relative in the jewelry business. I merely repeat the rumor—and with the incredulity I felt when I first heard it.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FOURTH.

VII.

March met Fulkerson on the steps of the office next morning, where he arrived rather later than his wont. Fulkerson did not show any of the signs of suffering from the last night's pleasure which painted themselves in March's face. He flirted his hand gayly in the air, and said, "How's your poor head?" and broke into a knowing laugh. "You don't seem to have got up with the lark this morning. The old gentleman is in there with Conrad, as bright as a biscuit; he's beat you down. Well, we did have a good time, didn't we? And old Lindau and the Colonel, didn't *they* have a good time? I don't suppose they ever had a chance before to give their theories quite so much air. Oh my, how they did ride over us! I'm just going down to see Beaton about the cover of the Christmas number. I think we ought to try it in three or four colors, if we are going to observe the day at all." He was off before March could pull himself together to ask what Dryfoos wanted at the office at that hour of the morning; he always came in the afternoon, on his way uptown.

The fact of his presence renewed the sinister misgivings with which March had parted from him the night before, but Fulkerson's cheerfulness seemed to gainsay them; afterward March did not know whether to attribute this mood to the slipperiness that he was aware of at times in Fulkerson, or to a cynical amusement he might have felt at leaving him alone to the old man, who mounted to his room shortly after March had reached it.

A sort of dumb anger showed itself in his face; his jaw was set so firmly that he did not seem able at once to open it. He asked, without the ceremonies of greeting, "What does that one-armed Dutchman do on this book?"

"What does he do?" March echoed, as people are apt to do with a question that is mandatory and offensive.

"Yes, sir, what does he do? Does he write for it?"

"I suppose you mean Lindau," said March. He saw no reason for refusing to answer Dryfoos's demand, and he decided to ignore its terms. "No, he doesn't write for it in the usual way. He translates for it; he examines the foreign magazines, and draws my attention to anything he thinks of interest. But I told you about this before—"

"I know what you told me, well enough. And I know what he is. He is a red-mouthed labor-agitator. He's one of those foreigners that come here from places where they've never had a decent meal's victuals in their lives, and as soon as they get their stomachs full they begin to make trouble between our people and their hands. There's where the strikes come from, and the unions, and the secret societies. They come here and break our Sabbath, and teach their atheism. They ought to be hung! Let 'em go back if they don't like it over here. They want to ruin the country."

March could not help smiling a little at the words, which came fast enough now in the hoarse staccato of Dryfoos's passion. "I don't know whom you mean by *they*, generally speaking; but I had the impression that poor old Lindau had once done his best to save the country. I don't always like his way of talking, but I know that he is one of the truest and kindest souls in the world; and he is no more an atheist than I am. He is my friend, and I can't allow him to be misunderstood."

"I don't care *what* he is," Dryfoos broke out, "I won't have him round. He can't have any more work from this office. I want you to stop it. I want you to turn him off."

March was standing at his desk, as he had risen to receive Dryfoos when he entered. He now sat down, and began to open his letters.

"Do you hear?" the old man roared at him. "I want you to turn him off."

"Excuse me, Mr. Dryfoos," said March, succeeding in an effort to speak calmly, "I don't know you, in such a matter as this. My arrangements as editor of *Every Other Week* were made with Mr. Fulkerson. I have always listened to any suggestion he has had to make."

"I don't care for Mr. Fulkerson! He has nothing to do with it," retorted Dryfoos; but he seemed a little daunted by March's position.

"He has everything to do with it, as far as I am concerned," March answered, with a steadiness that he did not feel. "I know that you are the owner of the periodical, but I can't receive any suggestion from you, for the reason that I have given. Nobody but Mr. Fulkerson has any right to talk with me about its management."

Dryfoos glared at him for a moment, and demanded, threateningly: "Then you say you won't turn that old loafer off? You say that I have got to keep on paying my money out to buy beer for a man that would cut my throat if he got the chance?"

"I say nothing at all, Mr. Dryfoos," March answered. The blood came into his face, and he added: "But I *will* say that if you speak again of Mr. Lindau in those terms, one of us must leave this room. I will not hear you."

Dryfoos looked at him with astonishment; then he struck his hat down on his head, and stamped out of the room and down the stairs; and a vague pity came into March's heart that was not altogether for himself. He might be the greater sufferer in the end, but he was sorry to have got the better of that old man for the moment; and he felt ashamed of the anger into which Dryfoos's anger had surprised him. He knew he could not

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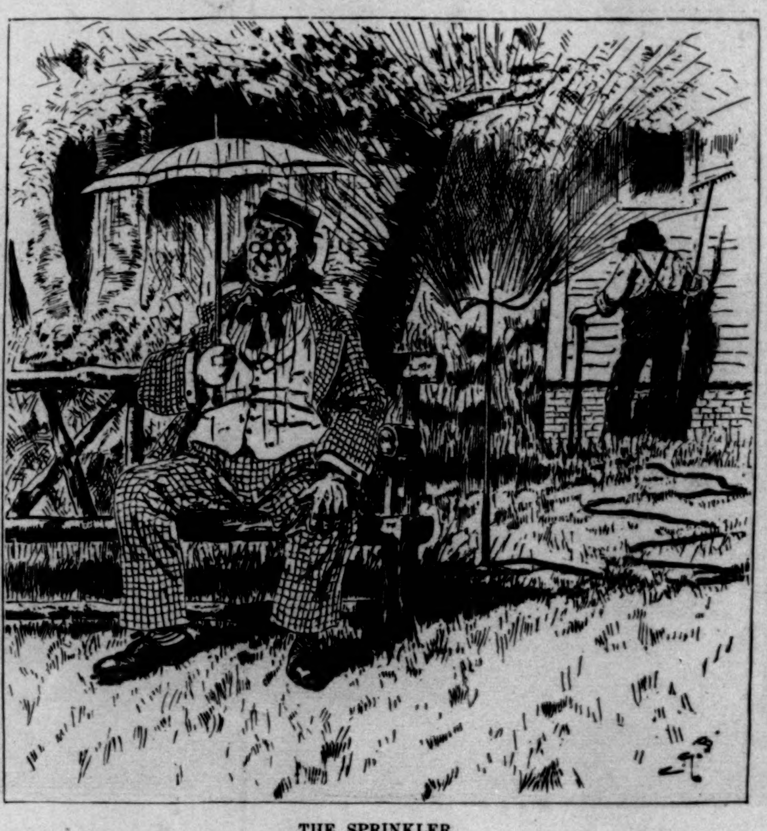
* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1683.



THE SPRINKLER.

"Gracious! If this don't beat all! Not a cloud in the sky, and raining hard! Well, well, wonders will never cease."

say too much in defence of Lindau's generosity and unselfishness, and he had not attempted to defend him as a political economist. He could not have taken any ground in relation to Dryfoos but that which he held, and he felt satisfied that he was right in refusing to receive instructions or commands from him. Yet somehow he was not satisfied with the whole affair, and not merely because his present triumph threatened his final advantage, but because he felt that in his heat he had hardly done justice to Dryfoos's rights in the matter; it did not quite console him to reflect that Dryfoos had himself made it impossible. He was tempted to go home and tell his wife what had happened, and begin his preparations for the future at once. But he resisted this weakness and kept mechanically about his work, opening the letters and the manuscripts before him with that curious double action of the mind common in men of vivid imaginations. It was a relief when Conrad Dryfoos, having apparently waited to make sure that his father would not return, came up from the counting-room and looked in on March with a troubled face.

"Mr. March," he began, "I hope father hasn't been saying anything to you that you can't overlook. I know he was very much excited, and when he is excited he is apt to say things that he is sorry for."

The apologetic attitude taken for Dryfoos, so different from any attitude the peremptory old man would have conceivably taken for himself, made March smile. "Oh no. I fancy the boot is on the other leg. I suspect I've said some things your father can't overlook, Conrad." He called the young man by his Christian name partly to distinguish him from his father, partly from the infection of Fulkerson's habit, and partly from a kindness for him that seemed naturally to express itself in that way.

"I know he didn't sleep last night, after you all went away," Conrad pursued, "and of course that made him more irritable; and he was tried a good deal by some of the things that Mr. Lindau said."

"I was tried a good deal myself," said March. "Lindau ought never to have been there."

"No." Conrad seemed only partially to assent.

"I told Mr. Fulkerson so. I warned him that Lindau would be apt to break out in some way. It wasn't just to him, and it wasn't just to your father, to ask him."

"Mr. Fulkerson had a good motive," Conrad gently urged. "He did it because he hurt his feelings that day about the pension."

"Yes; but it was a mistake. He knew that Lindau was inflexible about his principles, as he calls them, and that one of his first principles is to denounce the rich, in season and out of season. I don't remember just what he said, last night; and I really thought I'd kept him from breaking out in the most offensive way. But your father seems very much incensed."

"Yes, I know," said Conrad.

"Of course I don't agree with Lindau. I think there are as many good, kind, just people among the rich as there are among the poor, and that they are as generous and helpful. But Lindau has got hold of one of those partial truths that hurt worse than the whole truth, and—"

"Partial truth!" the young man interrupted. "Didn't the Saviour himself say, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God'?"

"Why, bless my soul!" cried March. "Do *you* agree with Lindau?"

"I agree with the Lord Jesus Christ," said the young man, solemnly, and a strange light, of exaltation, of fanaticism, came into his wide blue eyes. "And I believe he meant the kingdom of heaven upon this earth, as well as in the skies."

March threw himself back in his chair and looked at him with a kind of stupefaction, in which his eye wandered to the doorway, where he saw Fulkerson standing, it seemed to him a long time, before he heard him saying, "Hello, hello! What's the row? Conrad pitching into you on old Lindau's account, too?"

The young man turned, and after a glance at Fulkerson's light, smiling face, went out, as if in his present mood he could not bear the contact of that persiflant spirit.

March felt himself getting provisionally very angry again. "Excuse me, Fulkerson, but did you know when you went out what Mr. Dryfoos wanted to see me for?"

"Well, no, I didn't, exactly," said Fulkerson, taking his usual seat on a chair, and looking over the back of it at March. "I saw he was on his ear about something, and I thought I'd better not monkey with him much. I supposed he was going to bring you to book about old Lindau, somehow." Fulkerson broke into a laugh.

March remained serious. "Mr. Dryfoos," he said, willing to let the simple statement have its own weight with Fulkerson, and nothing more, "came in here and ordered me to discharge Lindau from his employment on the magazine—to turn him off, as he put it."

"Did he?" asked Fulkerson, with unbroken cheerfulness. "The old man is business, every time. Well, I suppose you can easily get somebody else to do Lindau's work for you. This town is just running over with half-starved linguists. What did you say?"

"What did I say?" March echoed. "Look here, Fulkerson; you may regard this as a joke, but *I* don't. I'm not used to being spoken to as if I were the foreman of a shop, and told to discharge a sensitive and cultivated man like Lindau, as if he were a drunken mechanic; and if that's your idea of me—"

"Oh, hello, now, March! You mustn't mind the old man's way. He don't mean anything by it—he don't *know* any better, if you come to that."

"Then, *I* know better," said March. "I refused to receive any instructions from Mr. Dryfoos, whom I don't know in my relations with *Every Other Week*, and I referred him to you."

"You did?" Fulkerson whistled. "He owns the thing!"

"I don't care who owns the thing," said March. "My negotiations were with you alone from the beginning, and I leave this matter with you. What do you wish done about Lindau?"

"Oh, better let the old fool drop," said Fulkerson. "He'll light on his feet somehow, and it will save a lot of rumpus."

"And if I decline to let him drop?"

"Oh, come, now, March; don't do that," Fulkerson began.

"If I decline to let him drop," March repeated, "what will you do?"

"I'll be dogged if I know *what* I'll do," said Fulkerson. "I hope you won't take that stand. If the old man went so far as to speak to you about it, his mind is made up, and we might as well knock under first as last."

"And do you mean to say that you would not stand by me in what I considered my duty—in a matter of principle?"

"Why, of course, March," said Fulkerson, coaxingly, "I mean to do the right thing. But Dryfoos owns the magazine—"

"He doesn't own *me*," said March, rising. "He has made the little mistake of speaking to me as if he did; and when"—March put on his hat and took his overcoat down from its nail—"when you bring me his apologies, or come to say that, having failed to make him understand they were necessary, you are prepared to stand by me, I will come back to this desk. Otherwise my resignation is at your service."

He started toward the door, and Fulkerson intercepted him. "Ah, now, look here, March! Don't do that! Hang it all, don't you see where it leaves *me?* Now, you just sit down a minute, and talk it over. I can make you see—I can show you— Why, confound the old Dutch beer-buzzer! Twenty of him wouldn't be worth the trouble he's makin'. Let him go, and the old man 'll come round in time."

"I don't think we've understood each other exactly, Mr. Fulkerson," said March, very haughtily. "Perhaps we never can; but I'll leave you to think it out."

He pushed on, and Fulkerson stood aside to let him pass, with a dazed look and a mechanical movement. There was something comic in his rueful bewilderment to March, who was tempted to smile, but he said to himself that he had as much reason to be unhappy as Fulkerson, and he did not smile. His indignation kept him hot in his purpose to suffer any consequence rather than submit to the dictation of a man like Dryfoos; he felt keenly the degradation of his connection with him, and all his resentment of Fulkerson's original uncandor returned; at the same time his heart ached with foreboding. It was not merely the work in which he had constantly grown happier that he saw taken from him; but he felt the misery of the man who stakes the security and plenty and peace of home upon some cast, and knows that losing will sweep from him most that most men find sweet and pleasant in life. He faced the fact, which no good man can front without terror, that he was risking the support of his family, and for a point of pride, of honor, which perhaps he had no right to consider in view of the possible adversity. He realized, as every hireling must, no matter how skilfully or gracefully the tie is contrived for his wearing, that he belongs to another, whose will is his law. His indignation was shot with abject impulses to go back and tell Fulkerson that it was all right, and that he gave up. To end the anguish of his struggle he quickened his steps, so that he found he was reaching home almost at a run.

VIII.

He must have made more clatter than he supposed with his key at the apartment door, for his wife had come to let him in when he flung it open. "Why, Basil," she said, "what's brought you back? Are you sick? You're all pale. Well, no wonder! This is the last of Mr. Fulkerson's dinners you shall go to. You're not strong enough for it, and your stomach will be all out of order for a week. How hot you are! and in a drip of perspiration! Now you'll be sick." She took his hat away, which hung dangling in his hand, and pushed him into a chair with tender impatience. "What *is* the matter? Has anything happened?"

"Everything has happened," he said, getting his voice after one or two husky endeavors for it; and then he poured out a confused and huddled statement of the case, from which she only got at the situation by prolonged cross-questioning.

At the end she said, "I knew Lindau would get you into trouble."

This cut March to the heart. "Isabel!" he cried, reproachfully.

"Oh, I know," she retorted, and the tears began to come. "I don't wonder you didn't want to say much to me about that dinner at breakfast. I noticed it; but I thought you were just dull, and so I didn't insist. I wish I had, now. If you had told me what Lindau had said, I should have known what would have come of it, and I could have advised you—"

"Would you have advised me," March demanded, "to submit to bullying like that, and meekly consent to commit an act of cruelty against a man who had once been so much my friend as Lindau?"

"It was an unlucky day when you met him. I suppose we shall have to go. And just when we had got used to New York, and begun to like it. I don't know where we shall go now; Boston isn't like home any more; and we couldn't live on two thousand there; I should be ashamed to try. I'm sure I don't know where we *can* live on it. I suppose in some country village, where there are no schools, or anything, for the children. I don't know what they'll say when we tell them, poor things."

Every word was a stab in March's heart, so weakly tender to his own; his wife's tears, after so much experience of the comparative lightness of the griefs that weep themselves out in women, always seemed wrung from his own soul; if his children suffered in the least through him, he felt like a murderer. It was far worse than he could have imagined, the way his wife took the affair, though he had imagined certain words, or perhaps only looks, from her that were bad enough. He had allowed for trouble, but trouble on *his* account: a sympathy that might burden and embarrass him; but he had not dreamt of this merely domestic, this petty, this sordid view of their potential calamity, which left him wholly out of the question, and embraced only what was most crushing and desolating in the prospect. He could not bear it. He caught up his hat again, and with some hope that his wife would try to keep him, rushed out of the house. He wandered aimlessly about, thinking the same exhausting thoughts over and over, till he found himself horribly hungry; then he went into a restaurant for his lunch, and when he paid, he tried to imagine how he should feel if that were really his last dollar.

He went home toward the middle of the afternoon, basely hoping that Fulkerson had sent him some conciliatory message, or perhaps was waiting there for him to talk it over; March was quite willing to talk it over now. But it was his wife who again met him at the door, though it seemed another woman than the one he had left weeping in the morning.

"I told the children," she said, in smiling explanation of his absence from lunch, "that perhaps you were detained by business. I didn't know but you had gone back to the office."

"Did you think I would go back there, Isabel?" asked March, with a haggard look. "Well, if you say so, I will go back, and do what Dryfoos ordered me to do. I'm sufficiently cowed between him and you, I can assure you."

"Nonsense," she said. "I approve of everything you did. But sit down, now, and don't keep walking that way, and let me see if I understand it perfectly. Of course I had to have my say out."

She made him go all over his talk with Dryfoos again, and report his own language precisely. From time to time, as she got his points, she said, "That was splendid," "Good enough for him!" and, "Oh, I'm so *glad* you said that to him!" At the end she said, "Well, now, let's look at it from his point of view. Let's be perfectly just to him before we take another step forward."

"Or backward," March suggested, ruefully. "The case is simply this: he owns the magazine."

"Of course."

"And he has a right to expect that I will consider his pecuniary interests—"

"Oh, those detestable pecuniary interests! Don't you wish there wasn't any money in the world?"

"Yes; or else that there was a great deal more of it.—And I was perfectly willing to do that. I have always kept that in mind as one of my duties to him, ever since I understood what his relation to the magazine was."

"Yes, I can bear witness to that in any court of justice. You've done it a great deal more than I could, Basil. And it was just the same way with those horrible insurance people."

"I know," March went on, trying to be proof against her flatteries, or at least to look as if he did not deserve praise—"I know that what Lindau said was offensive to him, and I can understand how he felt that he had a right to punish it. All I say is that he had no right to punish it through me."

"Yes?" said Mrs. March, askingly.

"If it had been a question of making *Every Other Week* the vehicle of Lindau's peculiar opinions—though they're not so very peculiar; he might have got the most of them out of Ruskin—I shouldn't have had any ground to stand on, or at least then I should have had to ask myself whether his opinions would be injurious to the magazine or not."

"I don't see," Mrs. March interpolated, "how they could hurt it much worse than Colonel Woodburn's article crying up slavery."

"Well," said March, impartially, "we could print a dozen articles praising the slavery it's impossible to have back, and it wouldn't hurt us. But if we printed one paper against the slavery which Lindau claims still exists, some people would call us bad names, and the counting-room would begin to feel it. But that isn't the point. Lindau's connection with *Every Other Week* is almost purely mechanical; he's merely a translator of such stories and sketches as he first submits to me, and it isn't at all a question of his opinions hurting us, but of my becoming an agent to punish him for his opinions. That is what I wouldn't do; that's what I never will do."

"If you did," said his wife, "I should perfectly despise you. I didn't understand how it was before. I thought you were just holding out against Dryfoos because he took a dictatorial tone with you, and because you wouldn't recognize his authority. But now I'm with you, Basil, every time, as that horrid little Fulkerson says. But who would have ever supposed he would be so base as to side against you?"

"I don't know," said March, thoughtfully, "that we had a right to expect anything else. Fulkerson's standards are low; they're merely business standards; and the good that's in him is incidental, and something quite apart from his morals and methods. He's naturally a generous and right-minded creature, but life has taught him to truckle and trick, like the rest of us."

"It hasn't taught *you* that, Basil."

"Don't be so sure. Perhaps it's only that I'm a poor scholar. But I don't know, really, that I despise Fulkerson so much for his course this morning as for his gross and fulsome flatteries of Dryfoos last night. I could hardly stomach it."

His wife made him tell her what they were, and then she said, "Yes, that was loathsome; I couldn't have believed it of Mr. Fulkerson."

"Perhaps he only did it to keep the talk going, and to give the old man a chance to say something," March leniently suggested. "It was a worse effect because he didn't or couldn't follow up Fulkerson's lead."

"It was loathsome, all the same," his wife insisted. "It's the end of Mr. Fulkerson, as far as I'm concerned."

"I didn't tell you before," March resumed, after a moment, "of my little interview with Conrad Dryfoos after his father left," and now he went on to repeat what had passed between him and the young man.

"I suspect that he and his father had been having some words before the old man came up to talk with me, and that it was that made him so furious."

"Yes, but what a strange position for the son of such a man to take! Do you suppose he says such things to his father?"

"I don't know; but I suspect that in his meek way Conrad would say what he believed to anybody. I suppose we must regard him as a kind of crank."

"Poor young fellow! He always makes me feel sad somehow. He has such a pathetic face. I don't believe I ever saw him look quite happy, except that night at Mrs. Horn's, when he was talking with Miss Vance; and then he made me feel sadder than ever."

"I don't envy him the life he leads at home, with those convictions of his. I don't see why it wouldn't be as tolerable there for old Lindau himself."

"Well, now," said Mrs. March, "let us put them all out of our minds and see what we are going to do ourselves."

They began to consider their ways and means, and how and where they should live, in view of March's severance of his relations with *Every Other Week*. They had not saved anything from the first year's salary; they had only prepared to save; and they had nothing solid but their two thousand to count upon. But they built a future in which they easily lived on that and on what March earned with his pen. He became a free lance, and fought in whatever cause he thought just; he had no ties, no chains. They went back to Boston with the heroic will to do what was most distasteful; they would have returned to their own house if they had not rented it again; but at any rate Mrs. March helped out by taking boarders, or perhaps only letting rooms to lodgers. They had some hard struggles, but they succeeded.

"The great thing," she said, "is to be right. I'm ten times as happy as if you had come home and told me that you had consented to do what Dryfoos asked, and he had doubled your salary."

"I don't think that would have happened in any event," said March, dryly.

"Well, no matter. I just used it for an example."

They both experienced a buoyant relief, such as seems to come to people who begin life anew on whatever terms. "I hope we are young enough *yet*, Basil," she said, and she would not have it when he said they had once been younger.

They heard the children's knock on the door: they knocked when they came home from school so that their mother might let them in. "Shall we tell them at once?" she asked, and ran to open for them before March could answer.

They were not alone. Fulkerson, smiling from ear to ear, was with them. "Is March in?" he asked.

"Mr. March is at home, yes," she said, very haughtily. "He's in his study," and she led the way there, while the children went to their rooms.

"Well, March," Fulkerson called out at sight of him, "it's all right! The old man has come down."

"I suppose if you gentlemen are going to talk business—" Mrs. March began.

"Oh, we don't want you to go away," said Fulkerson. "I reckon March has told you, anyway."

"Yes, I've told her," said March. "Don't go, Isabel. What do you mean, Fulkerson?"

"He's just gone on up home, and he sent me round with his apologies. He sees now that he had no business to speak to you as he did, and he withdraws everything. He'd 'a' come round himself if I'd said so, but I told him I could make it all right."

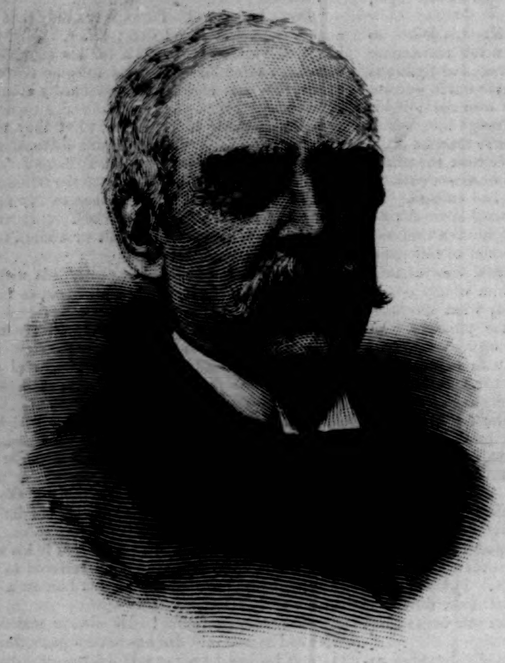
Fulkerson looked so happy in having the whole affair put right, and the Marches knew him to be so kindly affected toward them, that they could not refuse for the moment to share his mood. They felt themselves slipping down from the moral height which they had gained, and March made a clutch to stay himself with the question, "And Lindau?"

"Well," said Fulkerson, "he's going to leave Lindau to me. You won't have anything to do with it. I'll let the old fellow down easy."

"Do you mean," asked March, "that Mr. Dryfoos insists on his being dismissed?"

"Why, there isn't any dismissing about it," Fulkerson argued. "If you don't send him any more work, he won't do any more, that's all. Or if he comes round, you can— He's to be referred to me."

March shook his head, and his wife, with a sigh, felt herself plucked up from the soft circumstance of their lives, which she had sunk back into so quickly, and set beside him on that cold peak of principle again. "It won't do, Fulkerson. It's very good of you, and all that; but it comes to the same thing in the end. "I could



HENRY HITCHCOCK, OF ST. LOUIS, THE NEWLY ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION.
From a Photograph by Scholten.—[See Page 739.]

EDWARD MITCHELL, OF NEW YORK, THE NEWLY APPOINTED UNITED STATES DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—From a Photograph by Sarony.—[See Page 739.]

have gone on without any apology from Mr. Dryfoos; he transcended his authority; but that's a minor matter. I could have excused it to his ignorance of life among gentlemen; but I can't consent to Lindau's dismissal—it comes to that, whether you do it or I do it, and whether it's a positive or a negative thing—because he holds this opinion or that."

"But don't you see," said Fulkerson, "that it's just Lindau's opinions the old man can't stand? He hasn't got anything against him personally. I don't suppose there's anybody that appreciates Lindau in some ways more than the old man does."

"I understand. He wants to punish him for his opinions. Well, I can't consent to that, directly or indirectly. We don't print his opinions, and he has a perfect right to hold them, whether Mr. Dryfoos agrees with them or not."

Mrs. March had judged it decorous for her to say nothing, but she now went and sat down in the chair next her husband.

"Ah, dog on it!" cried Fulkerson, rumpling his hair with both hands. "What am I to do? The old man says he's got to go."

"And I don't consent to his going," said March.

"And you won't stay if he goes?"

"I won't stay if he goes."

Fulkerson rose. "Well, well! I've got to see about it. I'm afraid the old man won't stand it, March; I am, indeed. I wish you'd reconsider. I—I'd take it as a personal favor if you would. It leaves me in a fix. You see I've got to side with one or the other."

March made no reply to this, except to say, "Yes, you must stand by him, or you must stand by me."

"Well, well! Hold on awhile! I'll see you in the morning. Don't take any steps—"

"Oh, there are no steps to take," said March, with a melancholy smile. "The steps are stopped; that's all." He sank back into his chair when Fulkerson was gone, and drew a long breath. "This is pretty rough. I thought we had got through it."

"No," said his wife. "It seems as if I had to make the fight all over again."

"Well, it's a good thing it's a holy war."

"I can't bear the suspense. Why didn't you tell him outright you wouldn't go back on any terms?"

"I might as well, and got the glory. He'll never move Dryfoos. I suppose we both would like to go back, if we could."

"Oh, I suppose so."

They could not regain their lost exaltation, their lost dignity. At dinner Mrs. March asked the children how they would like to go back to Boston to live?"

"Why, we're not going, are we?" asked Tom, without enthusiasm.

"I was just wondering how you felt about it, now," she said, with an underlook at her husband.

"Well, if we go back," said Bella, "I want to live on the Back Bay. It's awfully Micky at the South End."

"I suppose I should go to Harvard," said Tom, "and I'd room out at Cambridge. It would be easier to get at you on the Back Bay."

The parents smiled ruefully at each other, and in view of these grand expectations of his children, March resolved to go as far as he could in meeting Dryfoos's wishes. He proposed the theatre as a distraction from the anxieties that he knew were pressing equally on his wife. "We might go to the *Old Homestead*," he suggested, with a sad irony, which only his wife felt.

"Oh yes, let's!" cried Bella.

While they were getting ready, some one rang, and Bella went to the door, and then came to tell her father that it was Mr. Lindau. "He says he wants to see you just a moment. He's in the parlor, and he won't sit down, or anything."

"What can he want?" groaned Mrs. March, from their common dismay.

March apprehended a storm in the old man's face. But he only stood in the middle of the room, looking very sad and grave. "You are coing oudt," he said. "I won't geep you long. I haf gome to pring pack dose macassines, and dis mawney. I can't do any more voark for you; and I can't geep the mawney you haf baid me a'ready. It is not hawnest mawney—that has been oarned py voark; it is mawney that hass been *mate* by sbeculation, and the obbression off lapor, and the necessity of the boor, by a man—Here it is, efery tollar, efery zent. Dake it; I feel as if dere vas ploodt on it."

"Why, Lindau," March began, but the old man interrupted him.

"Ton't dalk to me, Passil! I could not haf believedt it of you. When you know how I feel about dose tings, why tidn't you dell me *whose* mawney you bay oudt to me? Ach, I ton't plame you—I ton't rebroach you. You haf nefer thought off it; boat I—*I* have thought, and I should be cuilty, I must share that man's cuilt, if I gept his mawney. If you hat toldt me at the beginning—if you hadt peen frank with me—; boat it iss all righdt; you can go on; you ton't see these things as I see them; and you haf cot a family, and I am a free man. I voark to myself, and when I don't voark, I sdarfe to myself. But I geep my handts glean, voark or sdarfe. Gif him his mawney pack! I am sawry for him; I would not hoart hiss feelings, but I could not pear to douch him, and hiss mawney is like boison!"

March tried to reason with Lindau, to show him the folly, the injustice, the absurdity of his course; it ended in their both getting angry, and in Lindau's going away in a whirl of German that included Basil in the guilt of the man whom Lindau called his master.

"Well," said Mrs. March. "He is a crank, and I think you're well rid of him. Now you have no quarrel with that horrid old Dryfoos, and you can keep right on."

"Yes," said March. "I wish it didn't make me feel so sneaking. What a long day it's been! It seems like a century since I got up."

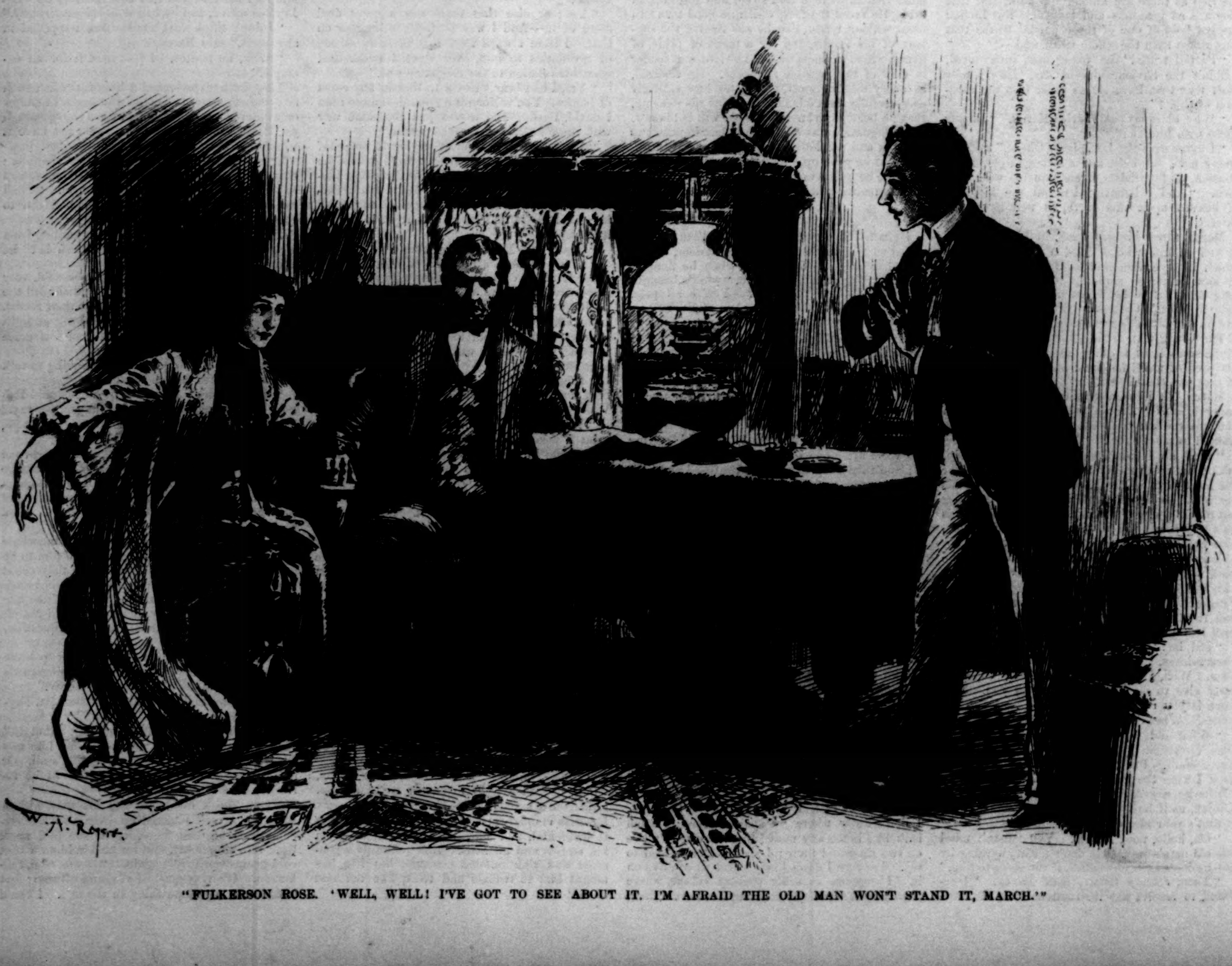
"Yes, a thousand years. Is there anything else left to happen?"

"I hope not. I'd like to go to bed."

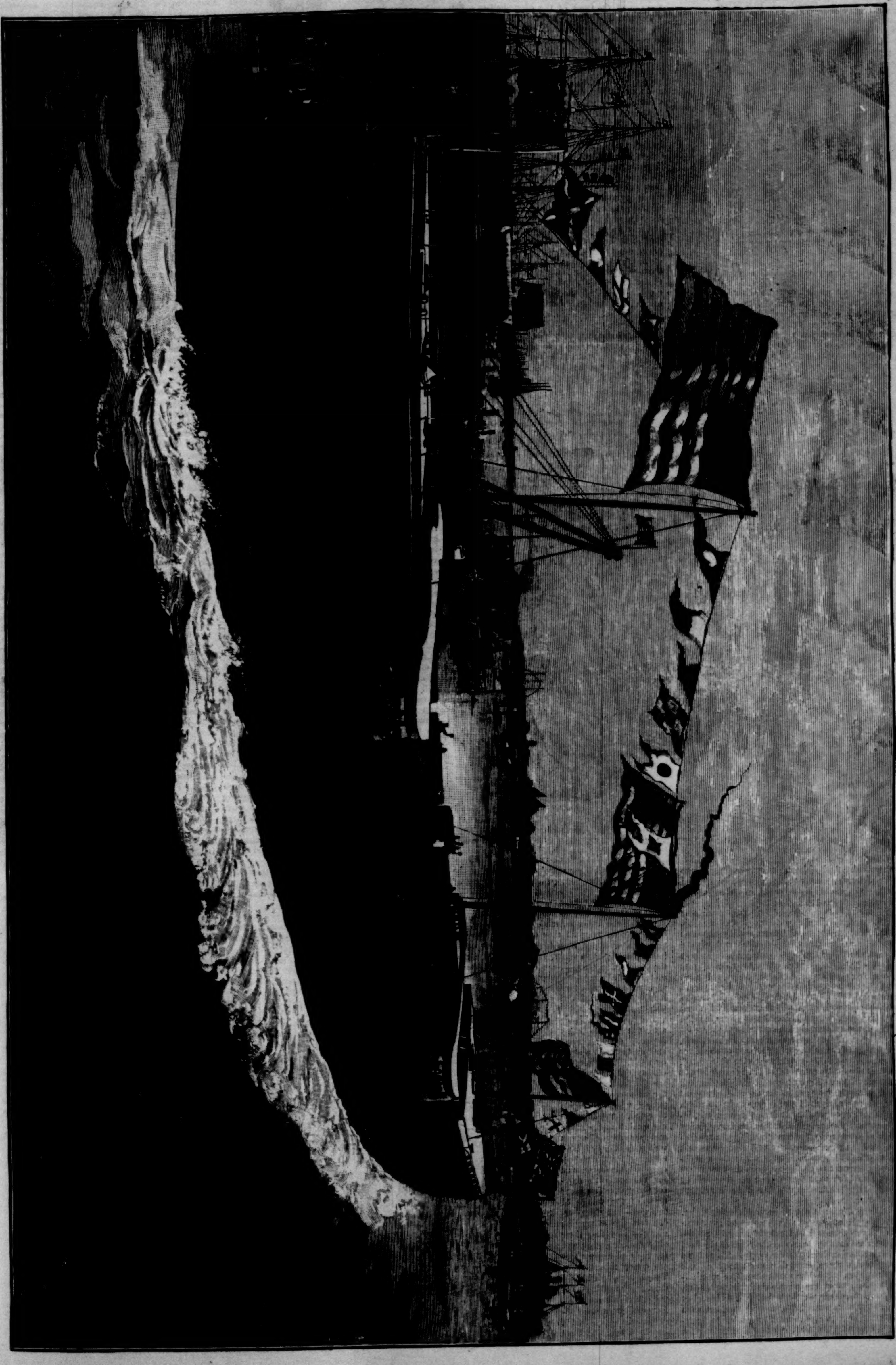
"Why, aren't you going to the theatre?" wailed Bella, coming in upon her father's desperate expression.

"The theatre? Oh yes, certainly! I meant after we got home," and March amused himself at the puzzled countenance of the child. "Come on! Is Tom ready?"

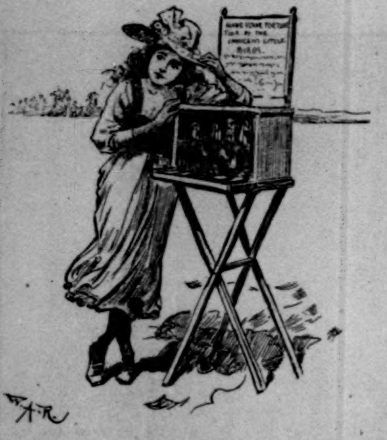
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



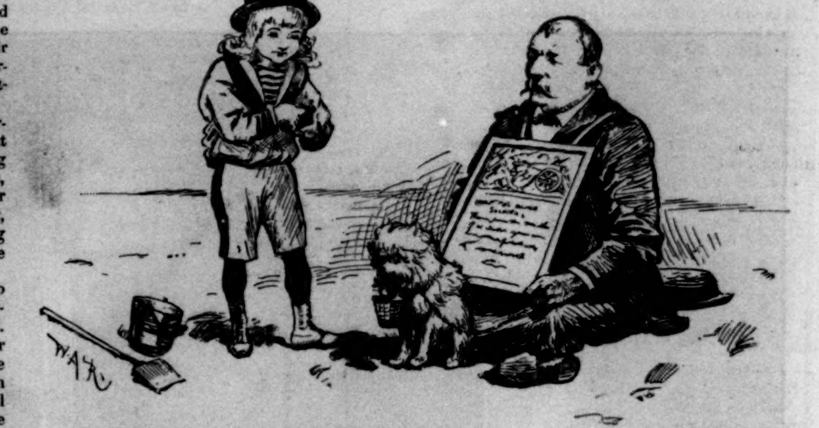
"FULKERSON ROSE. 'WELL, WELL! I'VE GOT TO SEE ABOUT IT. I'M AFRAID THE OLD MAN WON'T STAND IT, MARCH.'"



THE LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "PHILADELPHIA."—Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.—[See Page 739.]



A FORTUNE-TELLER.



"PLEASE HELP THE BLIND!"

A DAY ON CONEY ISLAND.

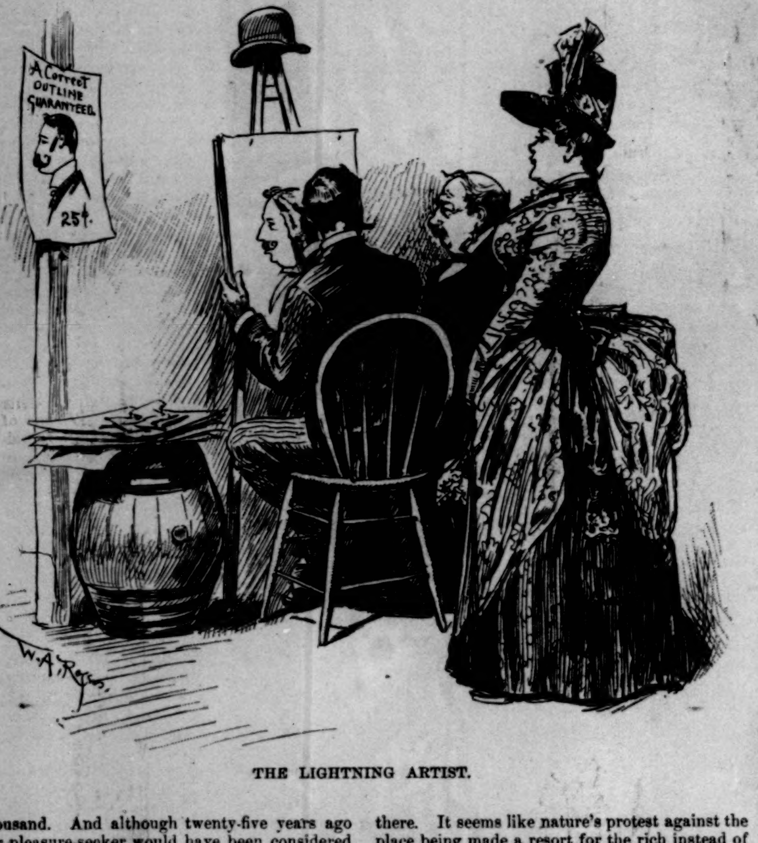
It is on a Sunday, or some other holiday, that one must go to Coney Island to see what it is. Some other holiday, I said, because to a constantly increasing fraction of the community Sunday is distinctly a holiday, and not in any sense a holy day. Where there was one person twenty-five years ago in "respectable society" in New York who would openly devote his summer Sundays to pleasure excursions there are now a thousand. And although twenty-five years ago our pleasure-seeker would have been considered a heathen, and in some sense an outlaw, to-day he escapes reprobation.

Years ago, before people of the better sort were attracted to Coney Island, it was a resort for a disreputable class. Then a small steam-boat plied from the city to the western end of the great sand-heap, and was crowded on pleasant days with social outlaws of both sexes. Fights were frequent and sometimes serious, and good order and decent behavior were neither enforced nor expected. Now all this is changed. Doubtless the physical effect of pure, cool air has much to do with the good order that is so noticeable. When the average citizen, fleeing from the baked paving-stones and quivering heat of city streets, breathes in the salty, cooling breezes of the lower bay, he is too comfortable to be ill-natured. Being physically refreshed, he is, for the time at least, amiable. Even the unmerciful jostling and squeezing he may get in the crowds that board the boats and trains will move him to mirth rather than to wrath. It is in these crowds, indeed, that the principal attraction lies. Coney Island deserted by the multitude is not a specially alluring place, except to one who loves salt air for salt air's sake. Even to him there is little inducement to go thither when the crowds are not there, for nature has been so crowded by man's handiwork along the beach that her charm has gone.

Coney Island is a sand-bar and nothing else. Shifting in outline with the storms of each winter, it remains, and will remain for ages, as the buffer that nature keeps on the edge of the land to receive the shocks of the ocean. There is no vegetation there excepting a quantity of tall rank grass, more like reeds than like meadow-grass. Around the principal hotels men have, it is true, made artificial beds, in which they plant flowers and grass year by year, but each winter kills the plants, and they have to be replaced each spring. To the eastward, along the sea-shore, are three enormous hotels—the Oriental, the Manhattan, and the Brighton. The first is occupied in the season mostly by boarders, and lies out of the track of the excursionists. The other two do a transient trade mostly, and their verandas are crowded, especially on Sunday afternoons and evenings, with well-dressed and evidently well-to-do people.

One thing is specially noticeable on first arriving. The beach and the water are not what people go to enjoy. For one who strolls along the water's edge, or plunges into the breakers, there are twenty who remain around the hotels or bar-rooms, and find their pleasure in eating, drinking, listening to music, breathing the strong salt air, and mingling with the crowd. This rule holds from one end of the island to the other.

But it is not at the east end that we want to linger if we desire to see the distinctive and picturesque features of the great people's resort. Here are the wealthy and conventional people for whom are provided the costliest city luxuries, the most expensive orchestras and military bands in America, and a scale of prices that pays for all and leaves a profit. It is toward the west that we must seek the multitude. Cheapside is where the crowd must ever seek its fun as well as its provisions, and Manhattan and Brighton are for those who are willing to spend five, ten, or twenty dollars on an afternoon and evening of enjoyment. Take, then, the little railroad—the shortest and most profitable one in existence—which offers for five cents the only means of passing from Manhattan to Brighton. The cars are crowded, but the trip is only half a mile or so. Every year this road has to be rebuilt farther inland, for every winter the storms wash it away, and gouge out more of the sand from the shore, only to carry it westward and add to the territory there. It seems like nature's protest against the place being made a resort for the rich instead of the poor.



THE LIGHTNING ARTIST.

Pass through Brighton Beach, only less elegant than Manhattan, and notice that the buildings here, like the little railroad, have been moved back year by year till they are a quarter of a mile further inland than where they were originally placed; then come, still westward, along the broken Concourse—once a noble road of concrete, now a straggling stretch of fragments—and less than a mile farther along we reach West Brighton, the real Coney Island, the people's play-ground.

Here are the multitude—a motley throng. Here are the catch-penny devices, each curious enough to merit a story by itself. Here are the economical provisions for the feeding and for the amusement of the people who have little to spend. And here are the quaint and strange and picturesque scenes that make Coney Island a ground for the philosopher's speculation and for the student's careful thought. The great mass of the toilers of the city—not the poorest, but the struggling many—here find their only summer outing, and for their pleasure there are queer things done. Vice is here, half hidden only, and sometimes impatient of all restraint. Nevertheless, a close observer will notice that it has little hold and little influence on the great majority of the people. Drunkenness there is, and there is no pretence of enforcing the law that forbids the sale of liquor on Sunday in New York State. Every bar-room on the island is wide open, and all manner of allurements are offered to entice people into the enclosures. Yet the proportion of drunken to sober people is very small, hardly greater than may be noticed on the more crowded streets of the city on a holiday. Almost everybody drinks beer, and Coney Island beer is proverbially frothy enough to mitigate the horror of the most conscientious prohibitionist. Few persons here have patience or money enough to drink a sufficient number of glasses to inebriate, though temptation to indulge is presented on every hand, in the shape of free concerts that last all day without intermission. There isn't even time in the busy season for the musicians to stop playing long enough to eat.

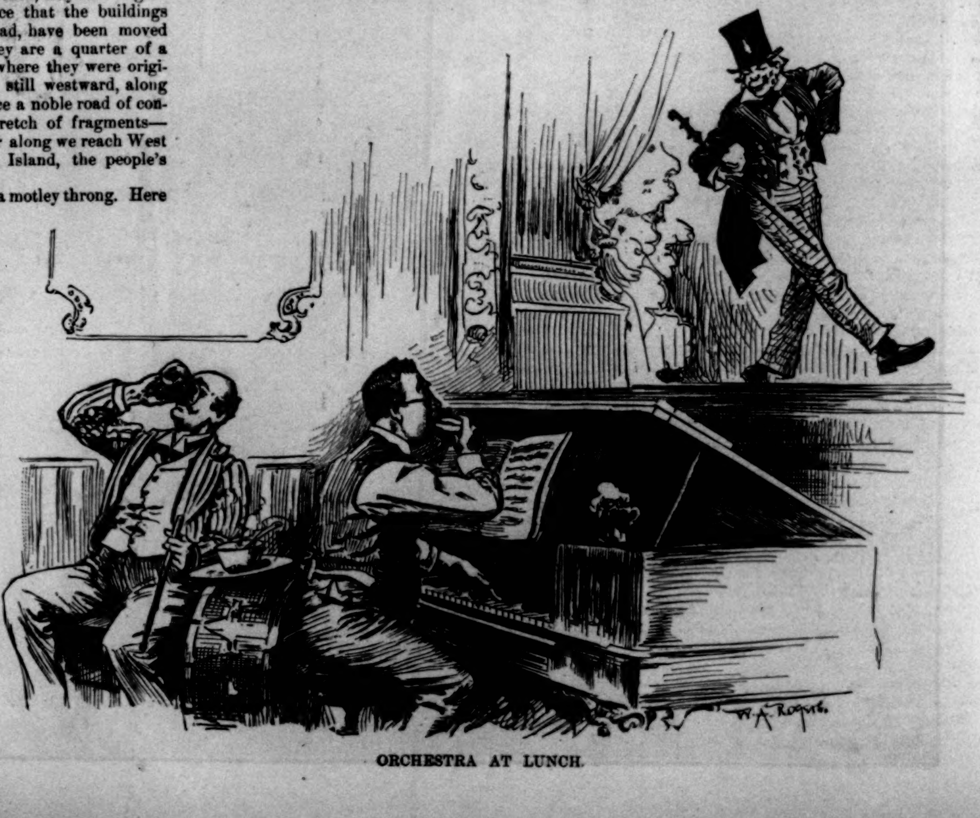
Frothy or not, the price of the beer is, according to the standard, five cents a glass. Five cents, indeed, is the standard price for all sorts of things in this great fair. It seems like a country fair as we stroll from one to another of the sheds and stands that are crowded together at West Brighton. To him who may be studying the investment of a nickel, there is offered a variety of temptations sufficient to bewilder the calmest judgment. From a weird-looking sausage, muffled up in the two halves of a roll and smoking hot from the vender's gridiron, to a ride in a boat that pitches and tosses most alarmingly around on a small circular railway over a tempestuous ocean of painted canvas, the choice of investment is wide. You may mount a veritable griffin, a camel, an ox, a stag, a horse, or a lion, in a merry-go-round, and canter violently around a strident orchestrion that will drown the tones of ordinary conversation while you ride, and it will only cost five cents. Moreover, you will have a chance to win another ride for nothing, for you will be furnished with a blunt rapier with which to jab at an arm which holds out little rings for targets, and if you catch a brass ring instead of an iron one, you may ride free next time. Five cents, too, will pay for a ride on a spurious toboggan slide of mammoth proportions, on which little cars serve for toboggans, and rails for the ice and snow. The same trifling sum is enough for one who is adventurous enough to hang by his hands to a little saddle affixed to a wire, and launching himself into space from a dizzy height, slide down the wire two or three hundred feet. It is enough for a ride of five minutes or so on the back of a Rosinante in the stud of the open-air livery-man on the beach.

It will hire a chair on the shore for the fastidious person who objects to sitting in the sand. It will pay for the exercise of the athlete who wishes to swing a mallet and pound with it on a wooden cushion with a registering apparatus that tells how hard the blow is. It will pay for three shots out of a real air-gun at a target or a glass ball, or for the privilege of throwing three base-balls at a row of dolls, with a prize to the skilful thrower who shall hit a doll. It will buy an electric shock, or a test expansion of the lungs, measured by a presumably incorrect registering apparatus, or it will entitle you to a card on which will be written your "correct weight" as told by a pair of scales with fancy fixings. It is enough to pay a pretty little girl for making a tame paroquet that sits in a row of paroquets pick out an envelope in which is a record of your future destiny. A nickel may be dropped into the slot of a human hand for almost any frivolous and amusing purpose. It may be dropped into a basket held in the mouth of a poodle that watches by the side of an alleged blind man, and the man will give you a lead-pencil that won't go, besides invoking Heaven's blessing on you.

And what manner of people are they who strew their nickels freely for all these things; who eat in the cheap restaurants—some of them fairly good ones, too; who bathe from the small bathing-houses, where a suit may be hired for fifteen or twenty cents, instead of twenty-five, which is charged at the more pretentious places; who sit for hours listening to the free entertainments of minstrel bands (worth less than the price of admission), and drink beer to avoid feeling under obligation to the proprietor of the place; who enter into the spirit of a holiday with childlike zest, and enjoy the same sports the children do?

They are the toilers. There is no aristocracy of dress among them, though seven out of ten manifestly have on their "Sunday clothes." The east-side dude is tricked out with all the gaudy apparel that suits his taste, and vigorously swings the cane he won by tossing a ring over it, at an expense of five cents for five tosses. The shop-girl with him is bedight with the finery in which her soul rejoices, and which she may not wear daily. They are not objects of beauty, save in each other's eyes, but we may see the same romance beginning between them that has made the world beautiful since Adam's rib was taken out. The father and mother of a large German family trudge patiently from one beer-garden to another, and listen delightedly to the cacophonous din of the musicians, while they drink their beer, eat their pretzels, and watch their happy children at play. This worthy couple are bent on enjoying everything they see. They even admire the wonderful art of the "lightning portrait artist."

The children, after all, are they who enjoy Coney Island most, and it is noticeable that they



ORCHESTRA AT LUNCH.

leave the board walks, the merry-go-rounds, and the bustle of the crowds, and rush with glad excitement to the water's edge. It is a poor child indeed who has not a tiny tin pail and shovel with which to play in the wonderful sand, and it is a timid child indeed who does not throw off shoes and stockings and wade into the ocean far enough to alarm its mother. Between these joys and the excitement of hunting for treasures of shells and pebbles along the beach, there is pleasure enough for the saddest and sickliest child, till the little hands and feet are tired, and the big glad eyes are drooping with fatigue. All of the cheap devices of man are unequal to the few simple attractions of nature to those who care to seek the latter, be they children of a lesser or a larger growth.

It were as easy to describe the various shapes and color combinations of a kaleidoscope as to tell all that may be seen at Coney Island on a pleasant Sunday, yet it may all be told in a few words. It is the great breathing-place for the million of people in the city who get little fresh air at home. It is the play-ground where vicious enjoyment may be found indeed, but where harmless amusement, if childish, is sought by the vast majority of visitors, and where the most of the restraints of conventionality are cast aside with very slight relaxation of morality. It is worth countless millions of dollars to the city summer after summer.

SEPTEMBER'S EVE.

I.

'Tis Nature's temple, and the day
Is full of worship as of light.
A sigh from now and 'twill be night;
The lordly vision will not stay.
With dusky incense throbs the gray
Half dome of sky. A cloistered note
Of lingering bird song sounds remote
As the last echo of a hymn
Sung in recessional, cold and dim.
I worship, but as though the praise
Must pass through Nature's priestly ways,
For God doth seem as lone and far
As yonder uncompanioned star,
September's Eve.

II.

Along the mountain's altar crest
The russet deepens in the west,
As when to richer chords the close
Of noble music softly flows.
Now speed my footsteps through the dark,
I see my leaping hearth, and hark!
Th' expectant children's view halloo
Rings out a melody of cheer.
The rushing feet approach; I hear
The lavish welcome panting through.
How bright the sudden stars appear
In friendly groups! Now God is near,
For Love is in *her* temple, too,
September's Eve.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

OF CLUBS IN GENERAL.

How many women, and for that matter, how many men, have longed to know what goes on behind the broad front doors of clubs? What is the use of clubs? Why do men organize them and go to them? When they get there what do they do? Why do the men in the windows wear their hats? These wonderings are as various and as infinite as the signs of life that the clubs give, and, as a matter of course, the restless minds that are forever searching for what they will never be able to find eventually solve their riddles for themselves. They people the great buildings with their imaginations, and give to their unsubstantial inmates a complete set of habits, as Silas Wegg, sitting behind his screen of ballads and his stock of fruit and gingerbread, evolved from his inner consciousness the daily life and the names of the people of the great house at whose windows he stared, and for whose house-maids he did an occasional errand. Many womanly women and men are convinced that clubs have been the ruin of certain of their acquaintances, and they are no doubt right. There are some people who are born to be ruined, and some to whom nature has denied innocent comradeship.

Clubs have not bred conviviality nor engendered gambling, although these grave charges are laid at their big front doors. The toper and the gamester take advantage of clubs, just as they always have and always will avail themselves of any assemblage of fellow-creatures who may be induced to receive them. Vice of all kinds is quite as opposed to club law and club sentiment as it is to police regulations and to the feeling and opinion of society. He who shuts the door of a club to a young man in order that he may not be beguiled by the glittering sins of intemperance and gambling, is as wise as Richard Feverill's father, who undertook to create a perfectly pure young man by guarding him from all acquaintance with attractive women. If a young club-man goes to the bad, it is not fair to infer that he would have been better but for the club. All that can truthfully be said is that the victim of the wiles of men had not character enough to enable him to walk with safety through a wicked world.

The aphorism that it is not well that man should be alone has a wider application than is given to it, or perhaps dreamed of, by those who quote it most. The human man wants the fellowship of men. The misanthrope is not only a hater of his sex, but of the race, and it was not necessary for the hesitating Hamlet to declare that woman delighted him not, after he had once announced his repugnance to man. Johnson said that Boswell was "clubable." This was true because he was a "man's man"; that is, because he enjoyed the vigorous society of his brother, and in return gave that entertainment for which the thoroughly virile mind longs. Sometimes a poet is deluded into singing of the friendship of men, as if it were higher and nobler, purer and more unselfish, than the love of man and woman; and while he is ungallant, and therefore wrong, he still bears testimony to a truth which is as deep and enduring as man's nature. In his day Sam Johnson formed many clubs, and invariably his purpose was to obtain the society without which his evenings were wretched. In the year before his death he organized his last club that he might be insured agreeable society three evenings a week. The public coffee-house was not to his taste. He wanted companionship, but it must be congenial and of his own selection. And this disposition of men, not only for society, but for the companionship of men of their own kind, their own tastes, proclivities, and station, lies at the bottom of the great swarm of successors to the "Beefsteak," the "Finis," the "Owls," "Crockford's," "Brookes's," "White's," and the innumerable assemblies that owed their beginning to the distaste of those who composed them to share the tap-room with the public.

It was the habit of the men of Johnson's time to discuss politics, literature, fashions, and the pleasures of the town over their punch and tobacco. It was not an elegant time, perhaps; but, as Coleridge tells us, manners may change a good deal while morals may only seem to change. The clubs of our own time do not meet in taverns; the best, and therefore the most obnoxious, of them dwell in palaces of their own. It cannot be denied that, in theory at least, the club was an improvement on the coffee-house of Anne's reign. There was a commendable exhibition of self-respect in withdrawing from the common presence to the privacy of the tavern parlor. The example was contagious, and the precedent established has broadened, until the modern club, with its permanent abode, has taken the place of the stated meeting in the best room of the coffee-house. Johnson's definition of a club, "An assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions," is outgrown. The good fellows may be found in the modern institution, but good-fellowship is not the basis of membership. It would be difficult to define what is the fundamental requirement of the modern club. Any man may be elected to any club who, being otherwise eligible, occupies a respectable position in society, and is not personally offensive to a sufficient number of the electoral body to bring out the few blackballs that are necessary to his rejection. Very disagreeable people succeed in securing election to clubs in these days, and from what we read of Brookes's, White's, Almack's, and others of their time, this was true as soon as clubs ceased to be the small assemblies of friends which Johnson undertook to describe in his definition.

There are prigs, upstarts, vulgar pushers for social notoriety, bores, shady characters of all kinds to be found in nearly every large club. They get in because they appear well on first sight, or because they belong to a family already represented in the list, or because they are diligently pushed by influential friends whose judgment is blinded by affection or interest. It is very seldom that a rich man can secure an election to a club of the first rank on account of his wealth, and a man with a social taint upon him is almost certain to be blackballed. The positively disagreeable persons who find their way into the circle, however, are easily prevented from becoming great nuisances, because it is a simple matter to send one of them to Coventry, to make the reading and the lounging rooms, even when they are filled with talkative life, dreary deserts of cold shoulders; to turn the breakfast and dining rooms into breeders of indigestion by carefully calculated glances and manners that will compel the detested person's heart to sink into his stomach, to the disarrangement of the healthful absorption of the food that sinks with it.

The unsocial person is occasionally harder to deal with. This man gets an election because nothing is known against him. For his part, he joins because it is the thing. He wants the convenience of the restaurant or the privileges of the writing-room. Sometimes his vanity is tickled by writing letters on the club stationery. Generally he goes about the building in gloomy silence, and he becomes a bore only when, under the stimulus of the atmosphere of the place, he captures an isolated victim, and offers to "ring the bell." It must be explained that "ringing the bell" is club vernacular for ordering that refreshment with which the male creature solaces the weary and often empty hours between meals, and which corresponds to the sweets with which the gentle enemies of clubs lighten the labors of shopping. If the isolated victim is weak enough to accept the seductive hospitality, he will suffer such acute and silent misery for a quarter of an hour as he has rarely known. Not only will his host neither talk nor listen, but the beneficiary of the ringing bell, if he is a shrewd observer, will be forced to note the mental processes through which his companion gradually becomes convinced that he has wasted a quarter in the vain effort to be agreeable. And yet the chances are a hundred to one that the poor wretch will repeat again and again, and as long as he lives, his efforts after the unattainable, for sociability is infectious; and even they who have been inoculated at their birth catch it, but, like little Johnny's measles, it "strikes inwards," and does not come out in a healthy blooming eruption.

Although Johnson's definition is now somewhat old-fashioned, and better describes such organizations as some of the dinner and luncheon clubs which flourish in Boston with a perennial vigor that they do not enjoy in any other part of the country, rather than the accepted modern standard, there is a theoretical something in common between the members of any club; it may be social position, community of pursuits or interests, identity of political belief, or any tie that gives to those who are held by it a desire to see much of one another. Clubs have started from beginnings as various and different as the attributes, ambitions, desires, and habits of human nature. There are clubs of society, of sport, of the military service, of the learned professions, of religious creeds, of college-bred men, of politics, of trade. In outward semblance and in inward form they are all very much alike. They have the same kind of apartments; they drink the same kind of wines, or wines that pretend to be the same, their soundness depending wholly upon the astuteness of the respective house committees; they eat dishes that at least bear the same names, although that may be their closest relationship. The same papers, barring special publications, are to be found on the reading-room tables. As to the libraries, the least said about the average club library perhaps the better. With a few notable exceptions the club library is a meagre collection of gift books so incongruous and unlike, that they must be in a constant state of surprise at finding themselves in one another's society. The truth is that the essential difference between clubs lies in their conversation, in the topics that appeal most strongly to their habitués, and in the manner in which the talk is conducted. In some clubs you will hear the street discussed with that buoyant recklessness which indicates that, for the moment, the brisk opinion is not to be backed; in others you will hear of the race-track, or the latest scandal of the town served wearily for the jaded palates of those who consume spice as ordinary humanity eats bread; in others an occasional spark of real interest is added to the atmosphere, and this happens just about as often as in the larger society, of which the club is a small selected part.

Why should more or less be expected of clubs than of their world? Different in form, different in purpose, the modern organization is precisely like the old in one essential particular: it is a reflex of its times. When the Duke of Norfolk, unsatisfied at the Beefsteak, went night after night to satiate his gluttony and his thirst for alcohol at a low tavern in Covent Garden, he was the product of his age, and he was "a vulgar, heavy, dirty mass of matter that could swill wine like a Silenus, and gorge beefsteaks like a trick-horse." Drunkenness and gluttony were common vices of society when the Beefsteak flourished, and wit was one of its virtues. Therefore the club was a place where the good fellows assembled for the purpose of filling themselves with vast quantities of solid food and strong liquor, and to amuse one another with the sharp badinage in which the wits of the time indulged. Farther back, in the time of Joseph Addison, who, says Thackeray, was "one of the most resolute club-men of his day," there was also bibbing and boozing, but there were less gambling and more talk and gossip, and Addison's resoluteness as a club-man was inspired and stimulated by the fact that he found the material for his literary work in the assemblies of good fellows. He seems, however, to have carefully observed one excellent club rule, and to have reserved his tattling for what he observed when he was a spectator in the clubs which were not his own, for, he confesses, "Whenever I see a cluster of people, I mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club." A club in Addison's day was simply the usual gathering of the customers of a coffee-house, so that any one who paid for his pipe or his glass was able to know all that went on in any circle into which he might see fit to intrude.

After the tavern-meeting clubs came the proprietary clubs—White's and Brookes's. These were formed when men not only drank a good deal, but when gambling was universal, when play ruined men and women, and when betting was the avocation of the high and low alike. In the social reign of the Prince Regent young men would lose £5000, £10,000, and £15,000 of an evening. Brookes's was organized apparently in order that the Liberals and the Prince's friends might have a private place at which they could squander their fortunes in betting and games of chance, while White's furnished similar accommodation for the Tories and the friends of the King. Horace Walpole says: "The young men of quality had a club at Almack's [Almack was the predecessor of Brookes], where they played only for rouleaux of £50 each, and generally there was £10,000 in specie on the table. Lord Holland had paid above £20,000 for his two sons."

It was at Almack's and Brookes's that Fox gamed his fastest and concocted his ingenious wagers.

"At Almack's of pigeons, I am told, there are flocks,
But it's thought the completest is one Mr. Fox;
If he touches a card, if he rattles the box,
Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox."

It was at Brookes's, according to the betting-book of the establishment, which is still preserved, that Charles Fox laid two hundred guineas that Lord North would be First Lord of the Treasury in March, 1773; and twenty guineas that he would still be First Lord in March, 1776, "bar death"; twenty guineas that Lord Northington did not swim one mile the next time he went into the Thames or any other river. Here are two entries in the book, characteristic of the times and of Charles Fox:

"Lord Bolingbroke gives a guinea to Mr. Charles Fox, and is to receive a thousand from him whenever the debt of this country amounts to 171 millions. Mr. Fox is not to pay the 1000 till he is a member of his Majesty's cabinet."

"Lord Clement has given Mr. Crawford 10 guineas, upon condition of receiving £500 from him whenever Mr. Charles Fox shall be worth £100,000 clear of debts."

Although betting was the principal occupation of Brookes's and White's, these fashionable resorts were also the exchanges for gossip. Mr. Fox not only betted and gamed away fortunes at Brookes's, but he there promulgated his political principles, and received the homage of his followers. It was from Brookes's that the Prince of Wales and his bad brother, the Duke of York, sallied forth for their midnight orgies in the city. It was there and at its rivals that men about town retailed so much of the gossip of the masculine gender, which, in those loose days, was barred from the drawing-rooms of Holland House, the Duchess of Devonshire, and Lady Carew. That there was really limitations upon the conversation of the salons of London in the time of George IV. is certain from the protest that was made by outraged feminine virtue, because Mr. Orlando Bridgman and Mr. Charles Greville, "a gentleman celebrated for his elegance of manners," going drunk to an assembly, "began at last to talk so plain that Lady Francis and Lady Valentine fled.... And Mrs. Sheridan would have followed them, but did not make her escape till her arms were black and blue, and her apron torn off."

It was at Brookes's that Mr. Fox learned, it is supposed from this same Mr. Orlando Bridgman, on his return from the House of Commons, where he had been asserting on his honor that the Prince of Wales had not married Mrs. Fitzherbert, that he had been grossly deceived, his informant having been present at the wedding. It was at Brookes's that George Selwyn and Sheridan made their coarsest and wittiest jokes. It was there that royalty descended to the common level.

"Sherry," said the Prince of Wales, "my brother and I have been discussing whether you are a rogue or a fool."

"I am between both, your Royal Highness," answered Sheridan, taking an arm of each.

It was there that the drunken Duke of York said the best thing of his life, and the most gracious.

"Here, waiter, remove the marine," shouted the duke, who was dining with a distinguished officer of that branch of the service.

"I am at a loss," responded the officer, "to know why the corps to which I have the honor to belong should be compared to an empty bottle."

"No offence, my dear general; I mean a good fellow who has done his duty already, and is prepared to do it again."

Brookes's and White's have now many fellows and rivals on both sides of the world. Essentially they are improvements on their models. The underlying principle, their *raison d'être*, is the same. The world over, a club is a place where men meet men for pleasure and not for business. In modern times refinements have been introduced that were unknown in the early history of these social institutions—for institutions they are, as firmly fixed in the body-social as are other institutions in the body-politic. A club is now the home of each one of its members, where one may have all the privacy and retirement of his own apartment consistent with the privileges of his fellow-members. There are conditions, of course, and there must be some surrender of individual tastes and desires. The right to invite visitors is restricted, and generally residents of the city in which the club is situated are forbidden admission to the building unless they are guests at a dinner given in a private dining-room. To most resident members a club is a lounging-place; to a non-resident member it is fraught with comforts and convenience. He is sure of congenial company, of a good dinner, of meeting the men of the town whom he knows, and of a place to conduct his correspondence very much superior to that offered by his hotel.

There are evils as well as good in clubs. It is true that sometimes men drink too much in them. The same men often drink too much at home, and if they did not indulge in excesses at the club, have we not the bar-room always with us? It is true that some men gamble too much at their clubs. The same men gamble as much, even more, at their own apartments. It has been admitted that some ruins have been made at clubs. It is denied that there are many, or that they would not have been made if the victims had never seen the inside of a club-house. There are fools and weaklings everywhere, and there is many a man who is easily tempted to excesses when his vanity is aroused by an accidental social misplacement. If a good little Timothy Teetotal, by some strange freak of club government, should find himself in the fellowship of Lord Dipsophile, he would very soon come to consider drunkenness his crowning glory.

All that is vicious in clubs goes on against this public opinion, which favors sobriety, decency, gentlemanhood; and, as a rule, a club parlor, or drawing-room, or lounging-room, or whatever name it may take, is to a man the pleasantest place outside of his own home.

"But why does he not stop in his own home? Why does he desert his wife and his fireside for that wretched club?" This is the outcry which is raised by the fair enemies of the institutions of which we sing. In the first place, my dear mesdames, the wife who is confident of her husband and of her influence over him will not utter this outcry. It is useless to say to you who do, that no man wants to stop at home all the time, and that the woman who loves him sympathizes with his longing for an occasional change. You cannot understand the deep and beautiful philosophy of this feeling, which appeals to every healthful human soul.

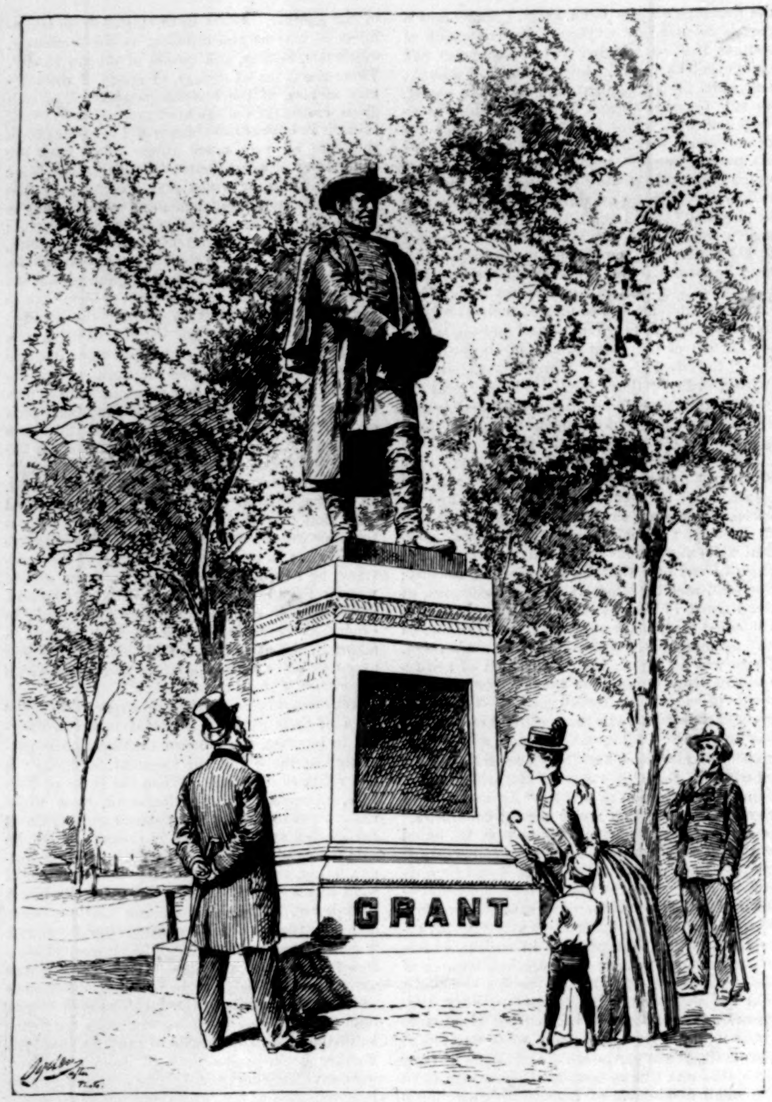
When a woman makes this complaint, however, it is generally well to be silent. That is an excellent rule to observe in many relations of life—that of *de gustibus*. When a man makes his club his home, and his house his lodging-place, and rarely sees his family except when he bids them good-by in the morning, occasionally at dinner, and when he yawns in their presence over the Sunday newspapers, there is something wrong in that domestic circle. It may be that the husband is a brute, or that the marriage was one of *convenance*, or that the wife resembles Mrs. R. Wilfer in being a "little wearing." Whatever may be the cause, it is discreditable to some or to all of the family, and a sensible man will refuse to discuss it with the feminine head of the household. Of one thing our cavillers may be sure, there is no considerable body of men at his club urging a husband and a father to abandon his fireside and to devote his time to them. There are so many of them that one good fellow more or less will not be missed. It is either the fault of the good fellow himself, or else it is the misfortune of some one at home who is not a good fellow.

Be sure also of this, that whatever reforms are needed by clubs, they are needed also by the society which makes and maintains them. Reform would doubtless be well for every human institution. Clubs are organized by the same men who advance the commerce of the world, and who build its churches, schools, and hospitals; and clubs are less and not so good as the others only because they do not exist for the satisfaction of the finer and nobler side of men, but for their pleasure. They are not to be counted in the consideration of the world's serious moods and achievements. They are simply places of rest; and, as we are constantly informed by the preachers, wherever men seek rest and recreation, the devil is busiest. Clubs are the expression of a human need. Not only will they exist after our own time shall glide into the crude and obscure past, but they were before modern civilization was thought of. It was a drunken spree at a club that resulted in the accusation of Alcibiades, his loss to Athens in the Syracusan war, and his flight to Sparta. And old as they are, they have never in themselves been worth the powder of the true reformer. The philosopher recognizes their charms and delights, and uses them for his own good, as he uses the gifts of Providence, wisely and temperately. If he is at war with their frailties, he wages it against a bigger, more comprehensive, and vastly more important foe than they. He does not mistake a form of expression, a breath, a laugh, for the mighty and varied life of the great world. To a truly great mind bent upon making the world better, a war upon social vices directed against clubs would seem very much like an undertaking to demolish false doctrine by attacking the rhetoric of its statement.

Clubs are bad enough, and so are men, but both are better than they might be or have been. As men grow in grace and civilization their institutions improve, and the places wherein they take their ease, whether they be inns or clubs, form no exception to the rule.

Meanwhile the club in general remains an exponent of its time, of society in its light and restful moods. It is for men, and will remain for men alone until the unhappy time comes when all the joys of men and women shall be in common.

Henry Loomis Nelson.



THE GRANT MONUMENT AT FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.—From a Photograph.

THE GRANT MONUMENT.

Among the first monuments erected in the United States in honor of General Grant is that which will be unveiled and dedicated at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, with civic and military honors, on Saturday, September 14th. This statue was erected by officers and enlisted men and employés of the Quartermaster's Department of the United States Army; citizens of the States of Kansas and Missouri—including the Leavenworth Athletic Association; Woman's Relief Corps No. 40, of Wichita, Kansas; Post 132, Grand Army of the Republic, Junction City, Kansas; the Travelling Men's Grant Fund; the subscription list of the *Kansas City Times*—citizens of Pennsylvania; J. A. Garfield Post No. 2, Chamberlain, Dakota; and others.

The figure is of bronze, was designed by Mr. Lorado Taft, artist, of Chicago, Illinois, and stands nine feet high, while the pedestal is of barre granite, eight feet high, and seven feet square at base, resting on a circular mound of earth thirty feet in diameter, and making the total height of the structure nineteen and a half feet. On the front of the pedestal is a large bronze panel, on which is inscribed a list of the most notable battles in which General Grant participated. On the back of the pedestal is another panel of bronze, showing "Grant in the Wilderness," by M. de Thulstrup, as illustrated in Harper's Weekly just after the General's death at Mount McGregor.

The statue stands in a park interspersed with beautiful elm-trees at the head of Grant Avenue, which is the main approach to the garrison from the city of Leavenworth. There are to be three granite entrances to the monument, surmounted by pillars of granite, on each of which is to be raised the shield of the United States. The many friends and admirers of General Grant who have seen the statue pronounce the likeness to be a most striking one, and the production in bronze exceptionally well executed. The fund for the erection of this monument was raised by subscription in 1885, but no definite action was taken looking to the selection and purchase of a suitable statue until Brigadier-General Wesley Merritt, United States Army, Commanding General Department of the Missouri, as ex officio president of the Grant Monument Association, took general charge of affairs, and it is largely through his active interest in the matter that the West, and Fort Leavenworth in particular, is enabled to be among the first to claim the honor of paying homage to the dead hero.

THE RAILROAD IN POLITICS.

The president of one of the largest railroad systems in the Northwest said to the writer recently that if the railroads could be divorced from politics their troubles would be at an end. He did not mean that the railroads should be relieved from the restrictions that have been placed upon them the last few years, or that they should be especially favored in the matter of law-making. What he did mean was that the railroads, both in Congress and in State legislatures, should be treated in the same spirit as any other question. He was decrying the demagogism that is too frequently indulged in when any question affecting the railroads is under consideration. The men who are responsible before the public for the management of the railroads are, from the nature of their positions, more keenly alive than any one else to whatever of unfairness is shown toward those corporations by legislative bodies. It is a part of their business to study and ascertain public sentiment regarding the properties in their charge. Still, every one knows that the fashion of denouncing railroads as monopolies and as soulless corporations has not died out, and that the average politician is fond of declaring himself opposed to them. Perhaps at the East this tendency is not as strong as it once was. Since that section of the country has increased its wealth, and become a lender of money and an investor, it has come to look at all questions affecting the value of railroad property from more than one point of view. But at the West the anti-railroad sentiment appears to have increased with the growth of railroad facilities.

The question of treatment of the railroads by the people, that is, by their representatives, has become a serious question, not only for those who invest in railroad properties, but for those who use them. A tendency to regard railroad stocks, and even bonds, as less desirable for investment than heretofore is discernible in Wall Street, where the greater part of such investments are made. The present improvement in the stock-market may seem to contradict this statement, but it does not. There has been, as is invariably the case during a protracted period of depression, an extensive absorption of stocks by large dealers, and of course there has been some buying for investment. But the great bulk of the stocks that have been taken out of the market the last year or so will be for sale before the causes that have brought about a general improvement in stock values have spent their force. They will be sold, as a rule, because they will show the owners a handsome profit. Those who hold them now may not figure out the difference between the intrinsic and the temporary market value of their shares, but the investor will figure on both very carefully, and in arriving at the first valuation he is sure to take into consideration the probabilities of adverse legislation. If he ignores that factor he neglects his duty to himself. The rabidness of some of the Western legislatures, notably that of Iowa, and the reluctance of Congress to pass any amendments to the inter-State commerce law, or to treat the funding of the Union Pacific Company's indebtedness to the government on a strictly business basis, have compelled us to consider almost daily the part that politics plays in determining the value of railroad securities.

Of course it will be argued that the railroads themselves are responsible for the political antagonism they complain of. It has been urged that they charge exorbitant rates and practise discrimination. But the inter-State commerce law, to say nothing of numerous State railroad commissions, have remedied both of these evils. Statistics also show that the average price for railroad service is very low. No one will claim that the railroads should be punished, even by the development of a sentiment, for sins that they can no longer commit. A favorite cry of would-be reformers, who derive serious enjoyment by yelping at fancied as well as actual social and economic wrongs, incapable of distinguishing one from the other, and utterly unconscious of facts, is that railroad companies are constantly seeking to corrupt our legislatures by buying the laws they want. Without desiring to assert that the railroads are immaculate in the matter of influencing legislation, we must contend that both the Federal and State statute-books give the lie to such sweeping assertions. If it were capable of demonstration, we believe that the railroads are appealed to much more frequently by those who help to make the laws than they approach representatives of the people improperly. We think if President Adams, of the Union Pacific, could be induced to tell exactly why he has been unable to get a funding bill through Congress, his statement would not be complimentary to that body. Some very interesting incidents could be cited upon this point if it seemed proper to relate them. The practice of making a business of politics is responsible for whatever basis there may be for the cry of bribery. It is politics, not the railroads, that need reforming.

A most remarkable phase of this subject is that the railroads have not become a power in politics through the large number of voters that they employ. In the last number of his *Manual of Railroads*, Mr. Poor estimates that fully 936,000 persons are regularly employed in the operation of our railroads, and that at least 780,000 are employed in trades directly affiliated with railroading, such as locomotive and car building, the manufacture of rails, and in similar industries, making a total of over 1,700,000, nearly all of whom are probably voters. Besides, the average number of laborers employed in railroad building is computed at 290,000, bringing the total up to about 2,000,000. These and the number of people dependent upon them would probably figure up about one-seventh of the entire population of the United States. Yet this body of workers, who are entirely dependent upon the railroads, have never been appealed to as a body; in fact, efforts to influence any part of them politically have been exceedingly rare. They should be the firmest friends of the railroads, for though the price of transportation and the return upon capital invested in railroads have declined steadily for the last quarter of a century, there has been no proportionate reduction, nor anything like a proportionate reduction, in the wages of railroad employés.

The market for railroad securities has ruled very strong since we wrote last, and has broadened to fairly large proportions. No new influences affecting values have become operative, but those that have been noted in this column from time to time are constantly becoming more potential.

Collin Armstrong.

New York, *Friday, September* 6, 1889.

VERY RISKY INDEED.

To tamper with symptoms indicative of growing kidney disorder; to neglect for a brief time needful stimulation of the renal organs when their inactivity points, as it always and unmistakably does, to their eventual permanent disease, is certainly very risky indeed. This is, however, a risk that many persons perceptibly drifting into Bright's disease, diabetes, catarrh of the bladder, etc., constantly incur. So those who read, reflect, and heed the lessons of recorded experience, the advisability of using Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a diuretic, need scarcely more than a suggestion. No fact is more generally admitted by the medical profession and the public than its efficacy for the prevention of serious renal disease. The unmedicated excitants of commerce, no matter how pure, bear in mind, react prejudicially upon the kidneys when inactive. The Bitters subdues malaria, constipation, and rheumatism.—[*Adv.*]

No other Life Policies as liberal are as low in price, no others as cheap give as much for the money, as those of The Travelers, of Hartford, Conn. Best either for Family Protection or Investment of Savings. Ask any Agent for a copy of its new Ten-Payment Accident Policies.—Insuring against Accident up to 70 years of age, and, if desired, returning amount of premiums to insured. Annuity Life Policies.—The only form issued which furnishes a regular income, and the lowest in premium rate.—[*Adv.*]

SIMPLY PERFECT.

The Union Pacific Railway, "The Overland Route," has equipped its trains with dining-cars of the latest pattern, and on and after August 18th the patrons of its fast trains between Council Bluffs and Denver, and between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., will be provided with delicious meals, the best the market affords, perfectly served, at 75 cents each. Pullman's Palace Car Co. will have charge of the service on these cars.—[*Adv.*]

A New York physician says: "I find Nicholson's Liquid Bread worthy of high recommendation. Where a nourishing tonic is required, either in debility or in health, I know of nothing better." For a table beverage it is unequalled.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Ladies who have tried Cornell's Benzoin Cosmetic Soap will use no other. All Druggists, or Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

$1,000,000 worth Monuments at cost. N. Y. and Mass. Granite Works. W. Robinson, 1146 Broadway, New York.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters is the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite. Try it.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

With a feeble appetite and imperfect digestion, it is impossible for the body to secure the requisite amount of nourishment. Ayer's Sarsaparilla not only stimulates the desire for food, but aids the assimilative organs in the formation of good blood and sound tissue.—[*Adv.*]

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THE ELECTRIC MOTOR APPLIED TO STREET CARS.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

THE rapid development of the electric arts is the most interesting and important fact in recent physics. Since the invention of the telephone this advance has been so great that wonder at new applications of this mysterious energy has nearly ceased. Men who, a short while ago, would have counted among the marvels of their times the little motor which sends a roomful of sewing-machines whirring to their toil, and who scouted the idea that the telephone would be successful, now accept, as if they had anticipated it, the electric locomotive drawing its train of cars, and are only half incredulous when they listen to predictions of a coming time when this universal power shall propel aërial ships. At the same time, the imagination of those who are engaged in the business of making electricity the servant of the useful arts is almost as vivid and as startling as the mysterious fluid with which they experiment. To them the time is near when the world will go still faster in its course; when the slow days of steam will be over; when the lightning will flash over long distances not only speech but heavy burdens; when the ponderous engine will be used chiefly for the generation of the far more subtle power which turns the electric motor; when the noisy, dusty railroad of to-day will be succeeded by the clean and rapid devices which are driving the horse-cars from the streets of our cities. There is apparently no limit to the hopes and expectations of electric artisans. They see a coming time when electricity shall rock the cradle of the baby and desiccate the body of the dead; ring the church bell, illumine the altar, and execute the criminal; transport men and women to their duties, their pleasures, and their graves; be, in short, the natural power which shall be the most intimate and efficient of man's assistants. And all these possibilities of the application of the electric fluid to mechanics was within the contemplation of those who discovered the nature of this wonderful energy. Volta, Galvani, Ohm, Franklin, Ampère, Henry, and Faraday all looked forward to achievements at least equivalent to those that are now about to be realized. The inventors and business men of to-day, whose shops and factories are beginning to rank among the greatest of industrial enterprises, have simply wrought out what the great discoverers of the last century believed to be possible. Nevertheless, what has been done, chiefly by young men, in the application of electricity, marks our own time as one of the most important of eras in the history of physics. The world has taken a great and decisive step forward in the process of that development which is decreasing the importance of the physical powers of men and the other animals, and unchaining and utilizing the stupendous slumbering energy of inanimate nature. There has been no revolution and no great fundamental discovery; there has only been a wonderful and sudden application of the long-accumulating knowledge of electric science.

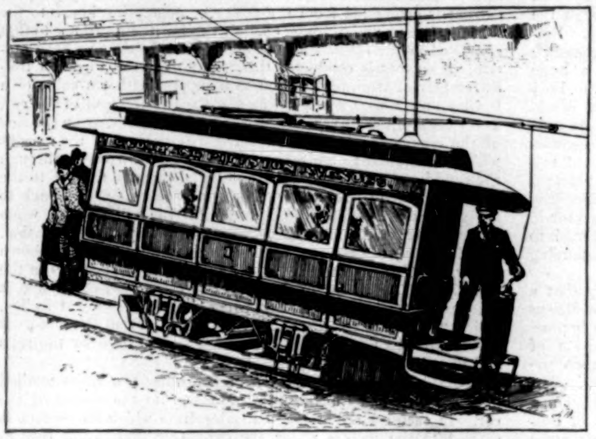

Fig. 1.—THOMSON-HOUSTON CAR ON A 10 PER CENT. GRADE.

Of all the development which has been rushing on from one step to another during the last few years, the phase which is of most immediate and present interest is that which relates to the transportation problem of great cities. There is no subject of municipal economy so important, and apparently so difficult, as that of rapid transit. It is essentially a modern problem, for only two generations have been engaged in its solution. It was very early in the century, it is true, when Oliver Evans made his road engine, the *Orkuter*, with which he undertook to traverse the streets of Philadelphia; and it was in 1826 that the first horse railroad of the country was built, at Quincy, Massachusetts. It was used for carrying from the quarry the blocks of granite for the Bunker Hill Monument. It was not, however, until 1831 that the first street railroad was chartered. In that year the New York and Harlem Railroad Company was authorized to operate cars drawn by horses, and the first cars were run in 1832 from Prince Street, by the way of Fourth Avenue, to Harlem Bridge. Horses were employed as the motive power of the road until 1837, when steam was substituted. In 1845, however, horses were restored, and have been used ever since until now, when electricity has been adopted. From the very first, horse railroads were unpopular on account of the interference of the rails with the ordinary wagon and carriage traffic of the streets. Even now, after nearly sixty years of experience, it is doubtful if a rail can be made that will be equally convenient for public and private vehicles, for those that run on tracks, and those that are independent of all guidance but that of their drivers. Obstructions as they are, the street railroads have grown in importance, until now, at least so far as this country is concerned, they are the chief of our transportation agents. It was seven years after the readoption of horses by the Fourth Avenue line, and twenty-one years after it was chartered, that another street railroad received a charter. Then four roads, the Sixth, Second, Third, and Eighth avenues, engaged in the business in New York. In 1853 the Cambridge and Metropolitan companies of Boston were chartered. In the same year Loubât introduced horse railroads in Paris; but it was not until 1860, and by the efforts of George Francis Train, that England possessed its first tramway, at Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, while London waited another year before the same enterprising American built its first street railroad, at Bayswater.

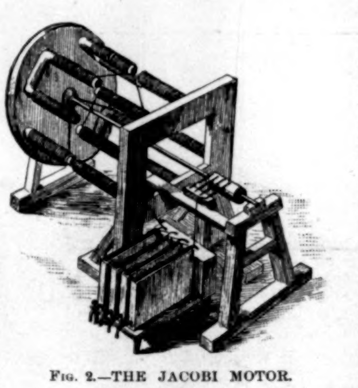

Fig. 2.—THE JACOBI MOTOR.

The street railroad has prospered wonderfully. In 1850 the national census showed that there was only one street railroad in the country. In 1889 there are 425 companies, operating 3500 miles of track, owning 28,000 cars and 125,000 horses. These roads carry 1,500,000,000 passengers annually. The capital invested in them is variously estimated to be from $175,000,000 to $200,000,000. The figures of this traffic are so large that, standing alone, they do not give an adequate idea of the magnitude of the interests which they represent. How immense those interests are will be better understood when the business transacted by the street cars is compared with the smaller but more generally recognized business of the steam railroads of the country. In 1887, the last year for which accurate statistics are obtainable, the steam railroads carried 428,225,513 passengers. In the same year the horse-cars of New York city alone carried 199,491,735. If to these are added the persons carried on the elevated railroads, who have not been counted among those transported on steam railroads, the street railroads of New York carried in that year 371,021,534 passengers. The horse railroads of Massachusetts carry 44,000,000 more people than travel on the steam roads of the State; and the passenger traffic of the West End Company of Boston, which owns and operates all the street railroads of that city, exceeds that of the steam roads of the State by 10,000,000 passengers; and yet the suburban trains of Boston do an immense business, carrying every day an average of 114,000 persons into and out of the city. For many years the shares of street railroad companies have been sought after by capitalists, for investment in them has been safe and profitable.

It is unnecessary to go at length into the early history of street railroads. An account of the application of electricity to street cars narrates the facts concerning the highest point reached in their development. All residents of cities and large towns are familiar with the evils associated with horse-cars. These comparatively easy-running coaches are a great advance on the heavy, lumbering, jolting omnibus; and in the middle of the century, and during many subsequent years, there was nothing better looked for. As cities grew, however, and rents increased, the people insisted on living at greater distances from their places of work, and thus naturally came a demand for "rapid transit." Two horses drawing a single car occupied too much of the space of the road in proportion to the carrying capacity of the vehicle. The maintenance of the roadway, worn out by the horses' hoofs, cost too much. There were also sentimental considerations, which aroused a good deal of popular opposition to the horse-cars. The companies, as a rule, buy good horses, and take all the care of them that the nature of their task permits. That is simply a matter of business prudence. But with all the care that can be bestowed upon him, a car-horse, doing an average of four hours' work a day, will not last longer than three years; and in the mean time the expense of maintaining this motive power is something enormous. It was the cost of carrying the mails in the stage-coaches that settled the question in England in favor of the steam railroad. When it was discovered that a steam-engine could better do the work that was annually killing 30,000 horses, the "good old days" of the coach disappeared and the steam-car came in. It was a great day for civilization when the energy imprisoned in the coal-mines relieved straining muscles of the burdens that the maintenance of communication had placed upon them. Then occurred the revolution in motive power, in the present triumphs of which electricity is the principal factor. There has not been, with all its advantages, any successful application of steam to the propulsion of surface roads in cities and towns. The demands of traffic have been met in New York by the elevated roads, and in London by the underground system. The objections to both of these methods of transit are familiar. Nearly every large city in the country has, at one time or another, considered the desirability of introducing the elevated or the underground road for the purpose of securing rapid transit from its business centre to its outskirts. The noise and dirt and the obstruction of light by the elevated roads have been compared with the noxious gases found in the tunnels of the underground system. The dummy has been tried and discarded, and within a very few years it has been generally recognized by the managers of surface street railroads that their choice of motive power lies between the cable and electricity. It cannot be said that the relative merits of the two have been determined. Cable roads are not only in operation, but others are projected. At the same time the weight of opinion seems to be in favor of the electric road. The number of companies is growing year by year, and within a few weeks a contract has been made by the West End Company of Boston with the Thomson-Houston Company, under which all the street railroads of the city will be eventually operated by electricity. As soon as electric motors can be furnished, the necessary lines built, and connections made, horses will be supplanted. This is said to be the most important contract ever made in the history of the electric arts. The West End Company owns and operates all the street railroads of Boston. It has 217 miles of track, and 1584 cars. It is anticipated that, under this contract, 75 miles of new track will be constructed, and at least 100 cars equipped during the present season. How wonderful has been the growth of the electric railroad business may be judged from the fact that while in 1880 it did not exist, in 1890 there will probably be at least 30,000 horse-power of electricity employed in the moving of passenger cars. In 1888 there were in the United States 33 electric railroads, having 130.5 miles of road, and employing 205 cars. During the first six months of the present year this has increased to 101 roads, with 575 miles of road, and 936 cars; and this calculation does not include the roads operated by the West End Company. The decisive step taken by this great corporation is due to the influence of Mr. Henry M. Whitney, its president, who examined all railroad motors in the country, and, after experiments of his own, determined so definitively in favor of electricity, and of the particular system selected, that he made the contract and persuaded his stockholders to vote him $4,500,000 additional capital for the purpose of carrying it out.

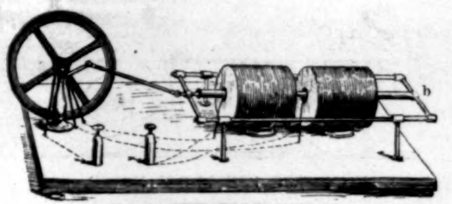

Fig. 3.—THE PAGE MOTOR.

The substitution of electricity for horse and steam power has met with many curious and interesting objections. The dangers from the overhead wires, from the currents conducted through the rails, from sparking, are still the cause of much trepidation. The overhead system will naturally draw out the opposition which has resulted so disastrously to the poles of New York. There are some persons who insist that they feel the current from the motors under the cars. Some of these people do not object to this, but actually ride in the cars under the mistaken notion that, completely insulated as they are, the electricity will cure their rheumatism or neuralgia. The man whose watch is affected by the electric current is to be found in every town where there is an electric road. These people recall the opposition that was made to the first steam railroads. It was said that the railroads would kill the game, ruin the farmers, produce premature birth pangs; that birds would be killed by the smoke; and that passengers would find it impossible to breathe in trains moving so rapidly. It is the old paradox, always true, that out of advancing civilization always comes a cry against change and innovation. The minority pulls the world forward in spite of the backward-pushing majority.

There was another and a practical argument against the substitution of electricity for horses, which was employed more than a half-century ago against the steam locomotive. It was said in both instances that without horses there would not be sufficient traction to keep the cars on the rails; that the engine, in the one case, and the cars in the other, would not sufficiently grip or bite the track to draw or carry a heavy load. All this has been disproved. The world knows all about the steam locomotive, while those who have studied electric roads, and seen them take curves and switches, and ascend the heaviest grades, know that there is no merit in this argument against electric cars.

There is a street railroad in Richmond, Va., the marvellous success of which has greatly stimulated the adoption of electricity as a motive power in cities. It was opened early in 1888. This road runs up and down hill for twelve and a half miles. It runs on country roads outside the city limits which would be difficult for horses. Some portions of the way are double and the rest single tracked. In a distance of about 1000 feet there are four grades having 27, 30, 40, and 50 feet radius. These curves are on a grade of 7 per cent. On the whole line there are 31 curves requiring bent rails. In one section there is a continuous ascent of 5000 feet, in which the grades vary from 3 to 7 per cent. In another ascent of 1900 feet, a grade of 10 per cent. is encountered. One portion of the route lies across a valley with up and down grades of from 3 to 10 per cent. In Fig. 1 is shown a car on a 10 per cent. grade. It is about as steep a hill as is found either in city streets or country roads. On this road forty cars are operated by the Sprague overhead system. The schedule time which is made by each car is 7½ miles an hour. Each car runs 107 miles in a day of 18 hours. The power is furnished from a central house by three engines of 125 horse-power each, and two Edison dynamos. The normal pressure of the current developed is 500 volts.

There is another electric road which also settles the question of the traction of cars operated without horses or locomotives. It is in Allegheny City, Penn., the "Observatory Hill Passenger Railway Co." It is four miles long. For one mile it is operated by the Bentley-Knight conduit system, the overhead system being used for the other three miles. There are turnouts, switches, and 34 curves on the road. There is a grade of 12½ per cent., and in 4900 feet a rise of 295 feet. Six passenger cars are operated on this line, each seating twenty-two passengers. The weight of the

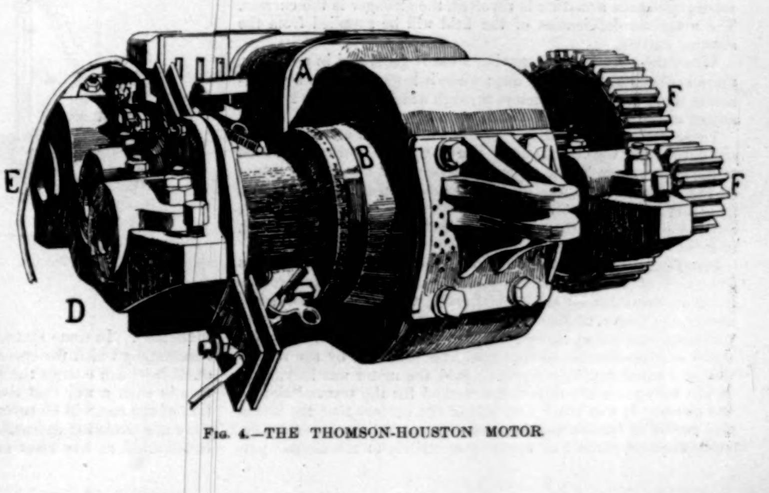

Fig. 4.—THE THOMSON-HOUSTON MOTOR.

motors and cars is five tons. Each car has two 15 horse-power motors, one attached to each axle. The speed attained is fifteen miles an hour on the levels, and six miles an hour on the 10 per cent. grade. The power is furnished by a 225 horse-power engine, and by three 75 horse-power Thomson-Houston generators. The voltage is 500. A single car has carried 123 passengers at the steepest grade of this road at the rate of between five and six miles an hour.

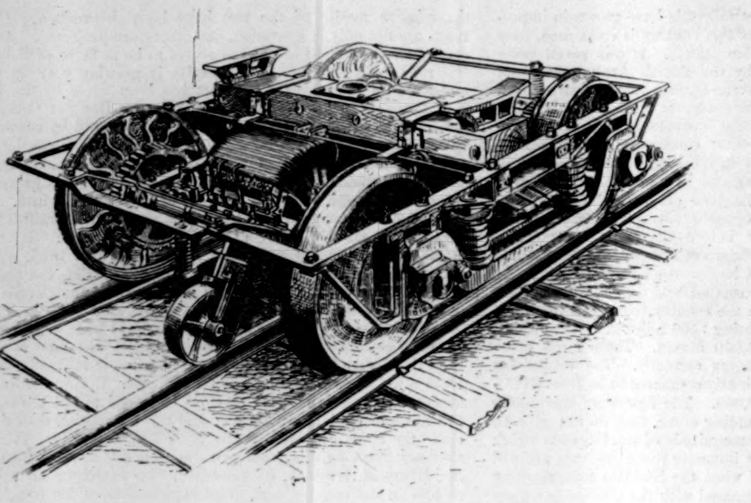
Fig. 5.—METHOD OF ATTACHING MOTOR TO CAR TRUCKS.

Another road whose achievements determine this question is at Lynn, Mass. It is operated by the Thomson-Houston overhead system. Two-thirds of the road is heavy grade and curve. At one point the grade is nearly 12 per cent. It is stated that on the grade the electric motors carry fully loaded cars easily, whereas four horses used with difficulty to haul cars lightly loaded. These cars have also two 15 horse-power motors each.

It may as well be explained at this point that there is less danger to be apprehended from wires carrying electricity to the motors of street cars than from any of the other conductors that must pass overhead or underground through the streets. The reason is to be found in the light voltage that is required for the task which devolves upon the current. A maximum electro-motive force of 500 volts is the power which has been agreed upon as necessary under the most difficult conditions. Such a current would undoubtedly give an unpleasant shock, but it would not be fatal unless the person receiving it had extraordinarily small resistance power.

The essential distinguishing features of an electric railroad are the machinery or battery for the generation of the electricity, the conductors for the transmission of the power to the cars, the electric motors by means of which the power is made to act directly upon the wheels, and the rheostat, and reversing machine for controlling the speed and for changing the direction of the car.

The generator, or dynamo, is the same machine that is used for the production of electricity for lighting, or for any other purpose for which the energy is required. It consists of a wire-wound armature, regulated in its direction by a commutator, and revolved by a steam-engine between magnets. It is constructed in various forms, but in essential principles it is always the same. The armature, which is generally a cylinder, being revolved within the magnetic field between the poles of the magnets, becomes charged with electricity, which passes to flexible copper brushes in contact with the commutator, and then out through the conductors to do the work demanded of it. The dynamo is the practical application of the law embodied in "Barlow's wheel," and further developed by Faraday. The generation of a current of electricity from the influence of magnets and by the aid of mechanical power is one of the fundamental and best-known facts of modern science.

The other method, that of generating the power by a battery, is even better known, and, ordinarily, electricity is thought of as produced by the chemical action of two plates of dissimilar metals immersed in a bath of acidulated water. The variety of metals and of materials for the bath that may be used is wellnigh infinite. The battery was for a long time the only means used for the production of energy, and it is within recent years that the discovery was made that a dynamo in which electrical energy is produced by mechanical energy could be used as a generator. Both systems are applied to the propulsion of railroad cars. In the one case the batteries, charged so as to become accumulators, are carried in the cars; in the other the power is transmitted from a central power-house, furnished with the necessary steam-engines and dynamos, through conductors to the whole line, each car taking from the conductor sufficient power for its operation. The modern dynamo is self-exciting. For many years after the discovery that electricity might be induced by magnetism, the current generated by the machines was intermittent. The field magnets received their charges from batteries; but in the modern dynamo a portion of the current of electricity produced in the revolving armature is carried back to the magnets, maintaining and increasing their energy. It is therefore not essential that the field should be strongly magnetized at first, so long as there is power enough to produce any electric current whatever in the armature. The more rapidly the armature is revolved, the stronger is the current. The magnetic deficiencies of the field will be supplied from the shunted current.

When the electricity for moving a car is generated in a battery, there is of course no outside line; when it is generated in a power-house, there must be conductors through which the energy is transmitted to the body to be put in motion.

These essential elements of an electric railroad are common to all branches of the electric art. The generation and transmission of the energy must be the same, no matter what may be the nature of the duty which it will be called upon to perform. It is also true that motors have been in use for a long time, but motors capable of running street cars, and also adapted to the rough tasks of the roads, have not long been in existence.

Speaking very generally, a motor is a dynamo reversed. It is composed of the same active elements; but while the dynamo is put in operation by mechanical force, and generates electrical energy, the motor receives electrical force from the dynamo, and transmits mechanical energy. When it was discovered that electricity in a continuous current could be produced by the revolution of a metal disc in a magnetic field, the motor was inevitable. It was only necessary to invent a method for the transmission of the power. It was in the first half of the century that the inventive genius of Europe and America engaged in the task of discovering the best method of applying electricity to mechanical purposes. Attempt after attempt resulting in failure, nevertheless, carried the world nearer to the desired result. In 1834, Jacobi showed at St. Petersburg an electro-magnetic motor that drove a boat carrying twelve passengers. The Jacobi motor is shown in Fig. 2. In 1838, Robert Davidson, a Scotchman, ran a lathe and a locomotive by electricity. In this country, in 1837, Thomas Davenport, a Vermont blacksmith, invented a motor for running machinery by electricity. The most celebrated early motor made in the United States was the invention of Professor C. C. Page, of the Smithsonian Institute. An improvement upon it is shown in Fig. 3. The rods, b., passing through two hollow electro-magnetic coils, are made into one piston, being joined by some non-magnetic substance. The action of this piston, which is attached to a fly-wheel by a crank, is caused by the sucking quality of electricity. Each magnet sucks in its rod, and by an eccentric disc on the wheel the current passes through the two magnets alternately. Professor Page made a locomotive which he operated by a large motor of this kind, and in 1851 he travelled with it from Washington to Baltimore. At one point on the route the locomotive ran for a distance of two miles at the rate of nineteen miles an hour. The electricity was generated for the motor in batteries which were found to be incapable of withstanding the jolting of the cars.

It was very recently that a motor was obtained of sufficient power and endurance to be practicable for the propulsion of street cars. All motors depend for their effectiveness upon the action of the magnetism of the field on their armatures. The accompanying cut (Fig. 4) represents the Thomson-Houston motor, which has been adopted by the West End Company of Boston. The electricity is furnished to the motor from the dynamos of the power-house. The field is formed by the including heavy casting, with its wire-wound magnets, A. B is the armature, which is revolved by electrical force and by reason of the attraction of the heavily charged magnets. The armature is so arranged with reference to the magnetic force that its south pole is within the influence of the north pole of the magnet, or *vice versâ*, and this relative position is always maintained by the action of the commutator, C. The connections of the copper brushes with the commutator are shown just above and below the cylinder. Through the commutator and armature runs a compensating shaft, D, to the end of which are cog-wheels, F F. In front of this shaft is the axle of the car, E, and on the axle is a third cog-wheel, not shown in the cut, which is engaged by the wheels of the compensating shaft. Thus, the revolution of the armature turns the shaft, the wheels of which turn the axle and propel the car.

This direct gearing of the motor to the axle of the car is the final result of a great number of experiments, in which chains, belts, ropes, and all manner of intermediate appliances have been tested. The trucks to which these motors are attached must be specially built for the purpose. They are much stronger and heavier than the trucks used on the ordinary horse-car, but in changing a horse road for electricity, the new trucks, with the motors attached, are applied to the old bodies. Sometimes a single motor is used, but as a rule a motor is attached to each axle, as is shown in Fig. 5. The motors vary from 7½ to 15 horse-power each, according to the gradients of the road and the nature of the service. Occasionally a single motor of 20 horse-power is used. They are carefully protected by coverings from the dirt and water of the roadway, which under a street car are generally in a state of agitation that is dangerous to delicate machinery. The current and direction of the car are controlled from the platform by the brakeman. In some systems, with one crank he can operate the rheostat, by which the speed is checked or the car stopped; with another he can change the relations of the commutator and armature in such a way that the current, and consequently the direction of the car, will be reversed. In other systems, the control of the car's motion is exerted directly on the motor. All motors are constructed, as has been said, on practically the same principle.

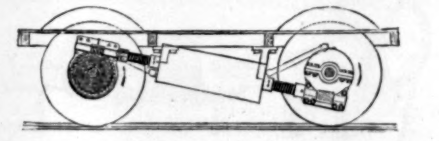
Fig. 6.—THE PENDLETON MOTOR.

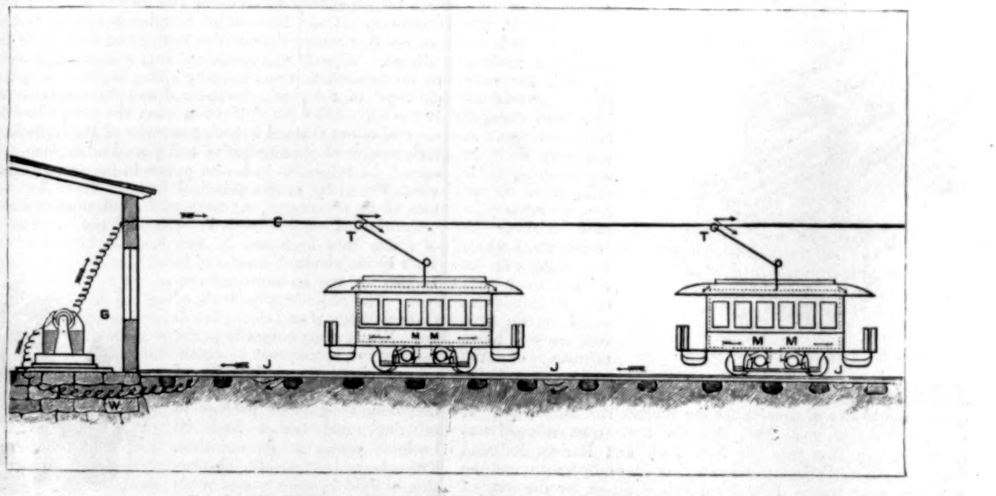

Fig. 7.—CIRCUIT ON THOMSON-HOUSTON (OVERHEAD) SYSTEM.

The Thomson-Houston and Sprague motors differ mechanically and in their methods of controlling the current. The Pendleton motor (Fig. 6) is suspended from the body of the car. The armature is extended in two coiled springs, which are fastened to a screw-pinion wheel. It is unnecessary, for the purposes of a popular article, to enter upon a description of the various forms of motors which have been invented in Europe and America. One of the earliest of motors was the Van Depoele, while Daft and Edison have both carried electric power to their locomotives by their own methods. While many motors have been invented for the application of electricity to industrial purposes, very few of them have been found to possess the qualities which are essential to meet the difficult requirements of street railroad service. It is said by some electricians that the development of this energy for locomotion, rapid as it has been, would have gone on very much faster but for the difficulty of finding a satisfactory motor. At present it seems as if this important and troublesome problem had been solved.

There are three methods of operating electric railroads—the conduit system, the storage system, and the overhead, or trolley, system. The electricity for the conduit and the overhead systems is generated mechanically. In the first, the conduit system, the current is conducted from the power or generating house to the cars through an underground conduit similar in appearance to that employed in the operation of cable roads. In the overhead system, the current is conducted through an overhead wire to a trolley, or pair of trolleys, fastened to a support, either a cable or a flexible arm, working in a spring and fixed to the roof of the car. The wheels of the trolley, or a slide, run over, under, or on the side of the conducting wire, and receive that portion of the current which is required to move the car. The current passes through the conductors on the trolley support, and through the car to the motors attached to the axles. The return current passes back to the generator through a second wire, or the rails, which, when thus used, are connected by copper wires at their points of junction. The circuit and method of operating the overhead system are shown in Fig. 7. The generator is G. From it the current passes in the direction of the arrow to the overhead conductor, C. When it reaches the trolley, T, it divides, part going on to the next trolley, and part passing down to the motors, M M. From the motors it passes through the wheels to the rails, and so back by the rails and the wire, W, to the generator.

The storage system differs from the other two in its method of generating and transmitting the energy to the wheels of the car. In each car are storage batteries, from which the current is carried to the motors under the car. Our illustration (Fig. 8) shows the method of the Julien Company for carrying the storage batteries in the car.

For street railroad purposes, therefore, every system uses motors attached to the axles of the car, either by direct or indirect gearing, and electricity is generated for two of the three systems by dynamos, and for the third is carried in storage batteries in the car. In one system the current passes through a wire embedded in a conduit; in another by an overhead wire and a trolley; and in another directly from the batteries to the motors.

The conduit system is the most expensive of the three, and is not used so much as the overhead system. Its advantages are obvious. It utilizes the current generated mechanically in the least objectionable manner. The fact that it is an underground system recommends it to a great many. The objections to it are economical and practical. The conductor runs on insulators in a conduit, which is generally between the tracks, although it may be outside. Through a slot in the conduit the current is carried to the motors of the car, and in this slot, which is so narrow that wagon wheels and horses' hoofs cannot be caught by it, the dirt and moisture of the street gather, interfere with the wires, and retard the movement of the cars. These are objections which have led the most important electric railroad companies to prefer the overhead system. Moreover, they have been strong enough to prevail against the natural opposition of the authorities of such a city as Boston, who have given their consent to the erection of more poles and the stringing of more wires. Notwithstanding this, however, the underground system continues to be used on some roads. The contact between the conductors and the motors of the car is made in various ways. In the Bentley-Knight system (Figs. 9 and 10) there passes through the slot a "plough," or frame, to which are attached two contact shoes, which slide along the conductor. These shoes in case of necessity may be lifted out of the slot. Another conduit is that of the Short series system, which also employs the overhead device. In a conduit of cement and stone two copper wires are supported on porcelain insulators, on which trolleys run.

The invention of W. H. Smith, of Newark, N. J., is very different from any other conduit. The conductor is carried in a wooden box hermetically sealed. It is covered by non-magnetizable metal plates, from which the car takes the current as it passes along. The bottom of the car is furnished with magnets, which act upon movable pieces, equipped with armatures, which rest upon the conductor. As the car passes, the magnets attract these pieces, which rise and form a connection with the metal strip. So much of the strip, therefore, as is under the car is charged with the current received from the conductor, which is also carried to the car. The current exists nowhere else on this metal surface than immediately under the car.

The storage, or accumulator system, is one concerning which there is much dispute. It is asserted that there are altogether too many stages of reduction in the process of producing the current; but, on the other hand, it is claimed that there is no doubt that the energy confined in an accumulator is enormous. The principal objection, however, to the battery is based upon the tendency of the plates to bend or "buckle," which may be the result of defective plates or attachments, or of the unequal expansion of the plates. There are several methods of applying the accumulators to the propulsion of street cars. Experiments have been made, and roads established in London and Paris. The system with which we are most familiar in this country is the Julien, which is in operation on the Fourth Avenue Railroad of New York. There are at this writing ten cars in operation, and ten more under contract; and the managers of the road and of the Julien Company are perfectly satisfied that they have discovered the ideal method of operating an electric railroad. The batteries are carried under the seats—a method which is adopted by all storage systems. The batteries are charged from a dynamo in from four to five hours. Each car is furnished with two sets of batteries. This gives each car 35 horse-power hours at the start, and only 12 is consumed during the round trip. The Julien Company advise the changing of the batteries at the end of each round trip. This is effected automatically. The cells are placed in the car and removed from the outside by letting down panels, as is shown in the illustration (Fig. 11). The car is run into a pit in which the batteries are kept on shelves. The lower shelf projects toward the car, and the exhausted batteries are placed upon it. These are then carried to the uppermost shelf by an automatic elevator, and a shelf containing newly charged batteries takes its place. The change can be made in from two to three minutes.

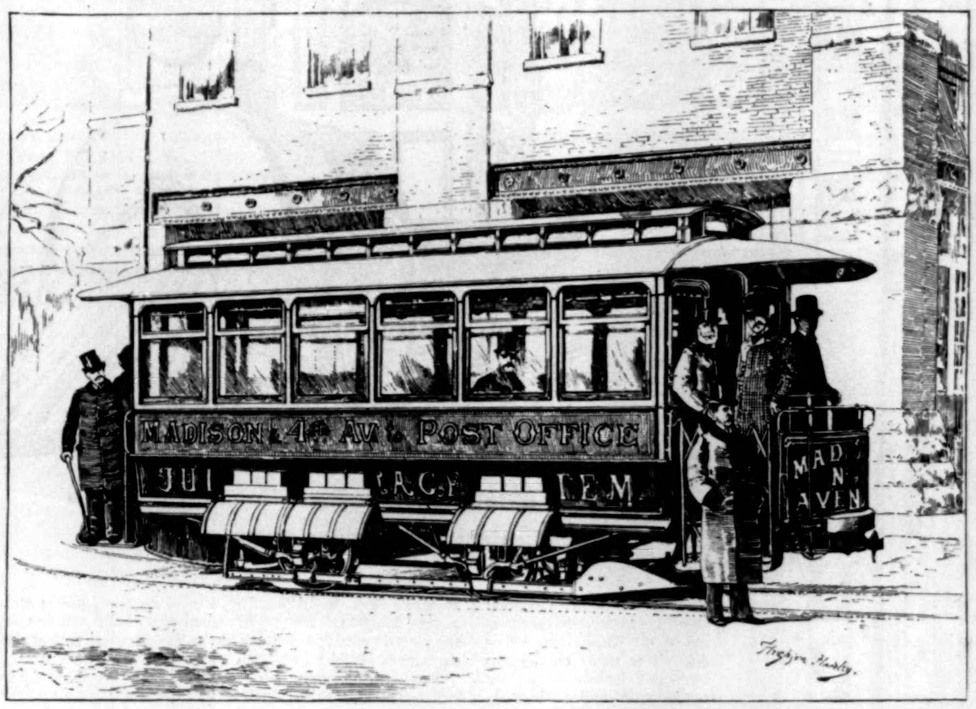
MADISON & 4th AV & POST OFFICE
MAD N AVEN

Fig. 8.—METHOD OF CARRYING BATTERIES BY THE JULIEN COMPANY.

The connection between the batteries and the motors under the car is very easily made by flexible connectors. The storage system, the managers of the Julien system assert, has overcome the defects of which railroad men complain, chief among which are its expense, its loss of power, and its short life. If this is so, it will undoubtedly be the most popular method for the application of electricity to street cars. Its advantages are apparent: each car is independent; there is no possible danger to the public from wires. The electrical energy is so confined that it is as safe as utilized electricity can possibly be. There are no poles or wires. The Fourth Avenue road has one grade of 4½ per cent. 600 feet long. The speed maintained by the cars is from nine to ten miles an hour.

At the present time, the most popular and general form of carrying the electric power to the car is by the overhead, or trolley, system. It is nearly as old as the electric road, for it was the device to which Dr. Siemens resorted to overcome the defects attending the use of the rails as his conductors. There are various ways of conducting the current to the cars by overhead wires and trolleys. Sometimes there are two wires—one for the positive, and the other for the negative current. Sometimes there is a single wire, the current returning to the generator through the rails. The method of suspending the wires is often dictated by the characteristics of the road. If the roadway is wide, or if it is run through a city street, the method of suspension is by cross-wires. Poles, generally of small iron piping, are set up on opposite sides of the street. Joining them are cross-wires of galvanized steel. From these hang insulators, to which the conductor is attached. When the tracks are on the sides of the street, the side-suspension method is employed. An arm on the single pole carries the insulated conductor. In some places there is a pole built between the tracks. On this is a double arm, extending on each side, and supporting the two conductors. A very fine example of this construction was illustrated in Harper's Weekly of August 10th. On every second pole there is a cluster of incandescent lights, so that the system performs the double task of carrying illuminating and motive power.

When two wires are used, the trolley has four wheels, each pair connected by flexible axles. Two wheels run on the positive, and two on the negative wire—the two sets being insulated from each other. The trolley is connected with the roof of the car by a flexible attachment, usually a cable. This trolley runs on top of the wires.

A trolley running on a single wire may also belong to the over-contact system. It is difficult to support the wires for this over-running trolley, for the wheels must have free play and meet with no obstruction. Sometimes, too, the trolley jumps the track and falls off, breaking the connection between the car and the conductor. In the course of the experiments made to procure a satisfactory contact system, sliding devices have been adopted, and mechanisms by which the conductor was gripped from the sides.

It has been finally decided, however, that the under-running method is the best. A single wire is all that is required, and the trolley, being supported from the car, has a more solid basis than that afforded by the wire and the attractions of the electric current. The method employed by the Thomson-Houston and Sprague companies seems to meet the requirements of the system better than any other device. The wire is hung as has been explained in the description of the cross-suspension system. An ear with a hole bored in it is soldered to the upper side of the conductor. To this the insulator of the cross-wire is hooked. This leaves the under surface of the wire perfectly smooth for the running of the trolley. Another method is to suspend the conductor in a band of copper. The trolley-stand is generally a long arm pivoted on an upright attached to the roof of the car. To this a rope is attached, by which the brakeman of the car can assist the mechanism if that is necessary. The principal interference by the brakeman is at the end of the route, when he swings the trolley around so that it will follow the car on its return trip.

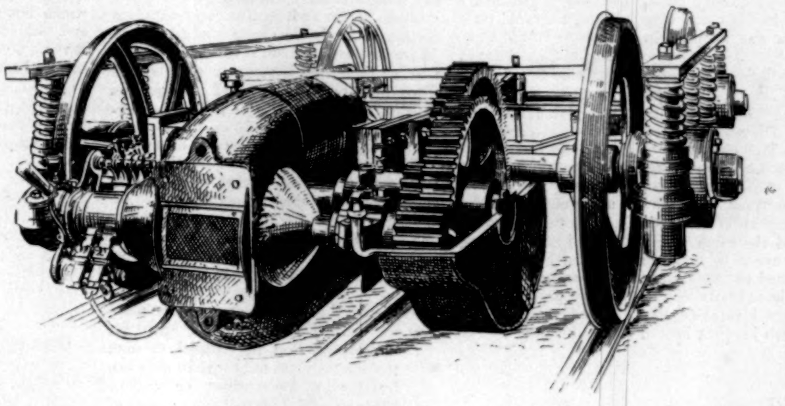

Fig. 9.—THE BENTLEY-KNIGHT TRUCK AND CONDUIT.

There is apparently no difficulty whatever with any of the systems at turnouts or switches. The car is guided, as are horse-cars and steam locomotives, by the rails; and, in the overhead system, there are frogs similar to those used on the tracks. These frogs are turned upside down, of course, and the trolley is guided into them by the direction which is taken by the car. In the single-wire system, as has been already explained, the return current is through the rails. With the low voltage used for the propulsion of street cars, this cannot become dangerous by the breaking down of the wire which carries the positive current, although it may prove very inconvenient and unpleasant.

Not only has the development of the electric railroad been rapid, but its history is of very recent origin. Mention has been already made of Professor Page's experiment on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in 1851. That experiment simply demonstrated that electricity could be utilized for moving cars, but that the success of the undertaking depended upon the discovery of a much better generating force than the batteries which were used by Professor Page. So nearly successful was his experiment, that ingenious electricians at once turned their attention to the subject, and there has been an interesting contest for the prize awaiting the successful solver of the problem.

In Europe, Dr. Werner Siemens made the first experiments in electric railroads, in 1867; but the first line to be put in operation was built by Siemens and Halske in 1879, at the Berlin Exhibition. The power was generated by a dynamo, and the conductor was a central rail. For exhibition purposes only, similar experiments were made at Brussels, Düsseldorf, and Frankfort. The first permanent electric road in Europe was built in 1881, by Siemens and Halske. It ran between Lichterfelde and the military school at Berlin. The conductors were the two rails—the central rail of the first experiment having been abandoned—one rail for the positive and the other for the negative current.

In the mean time, on this side of the water, Thomas Davenport, the Vermont blacksmith, had exhibited a small model electric engine, which ran on a circular railway. Moses Farmer made an electro-magnetic engine in 1847. These and Page's experiments merely marked the beginnings of the time. The Siemens and Halske road from Lichterfelde to the Cadetten Austalt was the first electric road actually put in operation for the transportation of passengers and merchandise. Immediately afterward the same inventors built a number of other roads, and were the first to employ trolleys and overhead wires to conduct the current to the motors. It was soon discovered that the conduct of the current through the rails was full of danger to persons and animals passing along the street, who were liable to come in contact with the track. In order, however, to prevent any accident, two wires were strung overhead, and on these trolleys travelled. The trolleys were connected to the car by wires. At first these little cars ran on top of the wires; but this arrangement not proving satisfactory, another was designed, by which a wheel pressed against the underside of the conductor, and this, drawn along by the wires attached to the car, acted as the connection between the conductor and the motors.

Although Siemens and Halske operated an electric road in 1881, Edison had a road of his own at Menlo Park, ninety rods in length, in the previous year. The first Edison locomotive is shown in Fig. 12, and its improved successor in Fig. 13. The rails were the conductors, just as they were in the early Siemens and Halske experiments. It ought to be stated that the motor of this German system is not directly geared to the axle. The revolutions of the armature are communicated to the wheel by a belt running on cylinders. The most important of the undertakings that have been made in Europe is in the underground and elevated system of Vienna, which, when completed, will gridiron the city with electric roads. A number of electric roads have been built in England and in Paris, but it is in this country that the greatest movement in this branch of electric arts has taken place.

In 1883, Thomas A. Edison and Stephen D. Field exhibited their electric railroad at the Chicago Railway Exposition. A track 1553 feet long and of three-feet gauge, was built around the gallery of the building. There were three rails, all wired, two with copper and one with iron wire. The armature carried its motion to the bevel-gearing by means of a shaft, and on this gearing were pulleys, from which ran belts to loose pulleys on the axle. This locomotive attained a speed of twelve miles an hour, carrying a passenger car.

In the same year Mr. Leo Daft made a successful exhibition of his electric locomotive on the Saratoga and Mount McGregor Railroad. His preliminary trials at Greenwich, N. J., had been successful. The *Ampère* jumped the track on this trial on turning a sharp curve, but this was due to the weight of the load. On the whole, the experiment was satisfactory. The *Ampère* (Fig. 14) hauled an ordinary railroad passenger coach containing sixty-eight persons. The motor weighed two tons, and carried five persons. The gradient of the road was 93 feet to the mile, and there was a curve of 20 degrees. The motor attained a speed of eight miles an hour. Mr. Daft built some roads for exhibition purposes—one at Coney Island, another at the Mechanics' Institute Fair of Boston, and another at the New Orleans Exposition. On all of these roads passengers were carried.

One of the first street railroads to be operated by electricity in this country was the Hampden branch of the Baltimore Union Passenger Railway Company. The roadway of this branch is about as difficult as is to be found in any city of the country. It runs from Baltimore through several villages of the suburbs, and it is said that there are not 300 feet of level road in its length. There is a grade of 348 feet to the mile on a curve; and while this is the heaviest, it by no means represents all the difficulties of the route. The Daft system was adopted for this branch by the company. It went into operation in 1885. The passenger car is hauled by a locomotive built in the form of a dummy. At first there were two motors. Since then more have been added, and the method of conducting the power to the cars has been changed to an overhead, or trolley, system.

In 1884 the Bentley-Knight conduit system was adopted in East Cleveland.

Both the Daft and the Edison-Field companies have been making experiments on the elevated railroads of New York, which have been satisfactory in so far as they clearly indicate that the time is near when locomotives can be constructed that will satisfactorily do the work demanded by the heavy traffic on these roads. The armature of the Daft locomotive used on the elevated road conveys its power to the wheels of the car without the intervention of pulleys and belts, but by friction. The current is carried to the motor through a central rail. This engine has attained a speed of twenty miles an hour, and its only defect is that it is too light for the task imposed upon it, a defect that is about to be remedied. The motor develops 75 horse-power. The normal speed was designed to be eighteen miles an hour, with a possible speed of forty miles. The locomotive weighs nine tons, and its extreme length is fourteen feet and six inches.

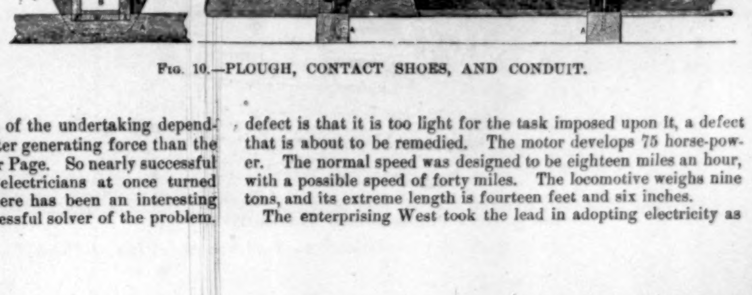

Fig. 10.—PLOUGH, CONTACT SHOES, AND CONDUIT.

The enterprising West took the lead in adopting electricity as